Beginning a Story That Railroaders Will Enjoy:
A DOUBLE-HEADED CONSPIRACY by HORACE HOWARD HERR

CHICAGO LEDGER

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The FOG of TERROR

A DETECTIVE STORY by EDWIN BAIRD

Have You Made Your Reservation Yet for this Splendid Feast?

MENU
The Ledger Story Cafe

* * * * * * *

From Out the Centuries.

A Viking girl frozen to death thousands of years back when the Vikings lived—a doctor who invents a machine to transfer life from the living to the dead—think what an unusual story this is going to make, and what a strange love affair is bound to develop between a man of 1922 and a girl brought back from out the centuries! Coming shortly.

South Sea Pebbles.

The South Seas; for hero a ragged castaway, barefooted and coatless; for heroine the white queen of a band of brown savages on a South Sea isle! An odd romance, to be sure, and a thoroly fascinating story thruout. Appears in the Ledger in a few weeks.

The Head of Professor Penola.

Professor Penola had worked for years in his laboratory, studying the monkey tongues and Darwin's theory of evolution. And when a learned body of scientists presented him with $20,000 for his odd-shaped skull, to be delivered after his death, he started off into the vague mystic gorilla land of Africa with only a negro servant; their only baggage in the jungle being two suits made from gorilla skins. How the professor became a member of the gorillas themselves, and of the female gorilla who became his partner, of the army of gorillas he trained to exterminate the vicious cannibal pigmy savages, form one of the weirdest and most dramatic stories the Ledger has ever published. It is by Captain W. P. Barron, and is already in the hands of both artists and typesetters.

The Remarkable Scheme of Mr. Jason Bellemas.

Mr. Bellemas, unscrupulous, crooked, pink-skinned and thick-necked, was seething with revenge because the girl to whom he had offered his heart and hand had refused them. And when one night he found crawling across the road in front of his automobile the escaped convict and murderer, Rodney Hackett he conceived the brilliant idea of dressing the convict up, providing him with money and marrying him off to the girl who had wounded his own pride. How he achieved this and what happened after that is told in a story whose outcome you will not be able to guess. The story is by the man who wrote "The Resistance Kid." It is due in a few weeks.

Little Odd Story of the Week--No. 14

by Etoof Yawdro Trebor

I WAS shooting in the Virgina hills when the telegram, forwarded from New York, brought news of the death of Dick, my eldest brother. When I reached the nearest station the first Washington paper I picked up amplified the meager ten words of my original information. From it I learned that Richard Temple, internationally known polo player and sportsman, had expired suddenly at Palm Beach. The account added that his wife, a French woman, had been with him at the end.

To my certain knowledge, Mrs. Richard Temple had gone to White Sulphur only two days before, for I had traveled across a part of Virginia with her. Incidentally, she is not French.

Abruptly my plans changed. It had been my original intention to make telegraphic arrangements for the sending of the body North, while I went on to New York and opened the old family mansion to give Dick a decent farewell. Instead, I now boarded the first thru Southern train.

There was nothing novel in the situation. It had happened in the best regulated of families. While I sadly waited for the train, I spent a sizable roll wiring pleas to New York editors, tho I realized the futility of hoping to avert the scandal which had by this time, I knew, involved the house of Temple. My trip South was made in no expectation of really hushing matters up. It was merely to forestall any possible harm which Charles might add to the already sufficient family woes.

Charles, my youngest brother, was the greatest cross this generation of Temples has been called upon to bear. Charles was the possessor of a conscience which never rested entirely easy over the reputed means by which the Temple fortune had been accumulated. In a small way he was a philanthropist. He knew enough of Socialism to be a great bore. Worst of all, he was a helpless sentimentalist. I wanted Charles shedding no tears at Palm Beach for the benefit of newspaper reporters, and ignorance as to what portion of the world he was in at the moment was the underlying motive for my mad dash South. For the first time I thanked my stars for the wound which had invalided me home from France at this critical moment.

But Charles was the first to arrive. He, it seemed, had been visiting in Savannah and therefore had nearly a day's start of me.

"Ah, Major, how fortunate we both happened to be near when this terrible blow fell," he greeted me.

"Fortunate, indeed," was my response, but the intended irony was lost on him.

"It is a most outrageous affair," he opined.

"It certainly is." This time my agreement was sincere. "Dick ought to be rolling over in his coffin to think of the undesirable notoriety he has brought upon us. If he had to philander, why the devil couldn't he have used an assumed name, or at least have been sure his heart was sound!"

"Major!" Charles held up a reproving hand. With dignity he explained, "I was referring to our dead brother's outrageous conduct toward that poor, confiding little girl, so far from her native France, and thinking all the time that he was single and believing that he would make good his promise that their union should be legalized."

"So you have seen her!" I exclaimed, dismayed. "Have you reached any settlement with her."

"Major!" Again he reproached me. "She is not at all that sort of a woman. She is heartbroken."

"Naturally, Dick was always known as a good thing." I left him with that.

Later a not entirely stifled sense of the fitness of things feminine forced me to concede to myself that there was a measure of justification in Dick's recklessness and in Charles' present infatuation. The young woman was undeniably most attractive; petite and drooping, her liquid brown eyes damp with a still fresh grief, her cheeks rosy with a hint of persistent embarrassment. When I haltingly mentioned a settlement, she forbade me to proceed.

"Speak not so, Monsieur Major," she faltered. "I have been foolish with the gentleman, your brother Dick. But if I am sad I regret it not at all, for we had, what you call it—won gran' time. He was won fine man."

Daintily she wiped away a tear which was, if I could judge, as real a tribute as poor old Dick would receive from any one he had left behind. Awkwardly I attempted to be generous with her.

"Please Monsieur 'I Major," she pleaded. "You have fought for ma belle France. Do not make it necessary I be impolite. I come with your brother because I love heem and he tell me how lonesome he be. He will marry me he say—but he not do it. Now I shall go home—very much sadder girl. But I not need ze money. I will not take won franc. How your American girls say it? 'I am not that kind of a girl.'"

Not an eyelash quivered as she said it. I felt as big a fool as Charles, yet I could not find it in my heart to doubt her. Assuredly, she did not look like "that kind of a girl."

Uncompromising resentment on the part of Mrs. Dick, who always had overlooked her husband's peccadillos, but could not forgive him the unpardonable sin of letting death expose him, led Charles and me to arrange for a quiet cremation at Jacksonville. The young French woman had pleaded so hard for the opportunity to pay a last tribute to the dear departed that we brought her with us. After the melancholy ceremony I hastened to my hotel to prepare for my departure North. When I approached the desk to pay my bill, two hours later, a letter was handed to me. It was from Charles and said:

"I am taking poor little Jeanne away with me. When we have reached a quiet spot where the tongues of scandal has not carried the tale of our family's shame, I shall marry her. It shall be my only aim in life hereafter to make up a little for the harm we Temples have done her."

II.

IT HAD been a hot day, that on which I wound up a three-month stay in California, and when I boarded the sleeper in Los Angeles at 10 o'clock I went immediately to my berth. I had the window toward the rear of the train wide open, as one may in a country where the railroads mercifully burn oil, and was soon propped up on my pillows beneath the electric light, enjoying a Spanish novel and the cool night air which is California's greatest blessing.

We may have traveled two or three hours when moderated speed and a hotter air told me we were in a railroad yard somewhere. Ultimately we came to a full stop. My curtain was up and I could easily have looked out, but was too absorbed in my book.

Little sounds will often obtrude themselves over those of greater volume. I

(Concluded on Page 16.)

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THE FOG OF TERROR

BY EDWIN BAIRD

Sprawling Unnaturally Beside an Overturned, Upholstered Chair Lay the Body of Henry Reeves, President of the Bank.

WALDRON SHUMWAY, star reporter of the Evening Herald, covered up his typewriter and glanced at the clock above the city desk. It was an electric clock, and the hands pointed to 3:55.

Pierce, the city editor, was sitting easily back in his swivel chair, smoking a cigar and glancing thru the "finals" of the other afternoon papers. His assistant was reading a magazine. Fanny Fletcher, feature writer, was chatting lazily with Menns, the music critic, about last night's opera.

The final edition had gone to press. The dynamic tension was over. The local room was languorously peaceful—surcease of a day's hard grind.

Shumway, having put his typewriter to bed for the night, rose from his desk, thinking of the date he had for tonight with Katharine Hoyt. He and Katharine were going to a new musical show tonight, and afterward to supper. Happy thoughts!

Whistling blithely, he started toward his locker for his hat and overcoat—and then, all at once, he became aware of a sudden commotion at the city desk. Turning, he saw Pierce talking excitedly at the telephone, while Barker, his assistant, had tossed aside his magazine and was hurrying to the private office of Carmody, the managing editor. The air tingled with electric tension.

These things at once told Shumway that a big story was "breaking." He was hastening to the city desk even before Pierce called sharply:

"Shumway!"

"What's happened, Pierce?"

"Plenty! Henry W. Reeves, president of the Second National Bank, has just been murdered!"

"Where?"

"At the bank. Hurry, Shumway! Hurry!"

Shumway sped back to the locker, seized his hat and overcoat, and rushed for the street. As he dashed from the local room, struggling into his overcoat while he ran, his eye chanced to encounter the electric clock on the wall. The hands pointed to 3:59.

Walking rapidly toward the Second National Bank Building, which was only four blocks from The Herald office, Shumway visualized the scene that he supposed awaited him there; the startled officials, the frightened clerks, the confusion and excitement, the curious crowd outside the bank, the ambulance and policemen. But for what he really found he was totally unprepared.

Since it was after banking hours, the massive front doors were closed and bolted—and he had expected that, of course—but when he entered the bank, thru the employes' private entrance, he was surprised to see that everything here was as usual. All seemed regular and as it should be. He paused momentarily to survey the scene.

The clerks and tellers were in their cages, clearly intent only upon their routine duties. Several of the executives were at their desks, similarly oblivious to all except the work before them. A sleepy-looking janitor was methodically mopping the marble-tiled floor. Except the rhythmic swish of his mop, scarcely a sound disturbed the stillness.

No, there was nothing here to indicate that a murder had been committed—or that anything out of the ordinary had happened—and Shumway, irresolute and puzzled, was wondering if somebody had hoaxed his city editor, when he heard his name called, and looked around and beheld Nat Sloan of the Evening Times. "Who killed him?" panted Sloan, who was breathing like a spent runner.

"Who killed who?"

"Reeves. He's dead, isn't he? Murdered?"

"Don't know yet. I haven't seen him."

"Somebody 'phoned my office," Sloan rushed on, still breathing hard. "Said old Reeves had been croaked. Wasn't more than ten minutes ago. What d'you know about that?"

"I know this much," said Shumway, nodding toward the marble steps that led to the bank floor—"the same message has been telephoned to every newspaper office in town."

Up the steps there came swarming a phalanx of eager newspapermen. It speedily developed that all, indeed, had received the same communication vouchsafed to Sloan and Shumway; and, after a hasty consultation, all agreed they were victims of a practical joker.

"Still," said Shumway, bending his gaze on a desk in the far corner, "we've got to make sure of that. That's Reeves' desk, over there near the window, and Reeves is not there. We've got to find Reeves."

"You'll find him at his club," said the Sun reporter, "a-drinking of his favorite hootch. I know Reeves."

"Go find him, then," said Sloan, "and bring him here so I can see him."

"I pass the buck to Shumway. He knows him even better than I."

"Accepted, with pleasure," Shumway smiled, and, leaving his colleagues, he strode the length of the big rotunda and stopped before a mahogany desk behind a mahogany railing, where sat a slender, elderly gentleman wearing gold-rimmed spectacles. A polished brass nameplate, atop the railing, informed Shumway that

this was G. N. Simpson, vice president of the bank.

"Good evening, Mr. Simpson"—smiling pleasantly. "I wonder if I may see Mr. Reeves for a moment?"

Mr. Simpson, glancing briefly up from the work before him, jerked a bony thumb over his shoulder.

"You'll find him at that desk in the corner," he said, carefully signing a letter.

Shumway made an elaborate pretense of inspecting the corner desk. "But there's nobody at that desk, Mr. Simpson."

Mr. Simpson put down his pen with grave deliberation, and turned and looked over his shoulder.

"Strange!" he murmured, patently surprised. "He was there a few minutes ago. He's probably in the directors' room. Who wants to see him?"

"Shumway of the Herald."

"I'll tell him you're here," said the elderly vice president, and rose from his desk and moved toward a mahogany door some thirty feet away.

Shumway, following him narrowly with his eyes, saw him casually open the door as if to cross the threshold, then violently start and stagger backward as tho struck in the face by an invisible hand; and then Shumway saw him, visibly trembling and horror-stricken, swiftly enter the room and close the door behind him.

In another moment Shumway had vaulted the mahogany railing and was running toward the closed door. He flung the door open, every sense quiveringly alert, and what he beheld in the richly furnished directors' room confirmed his wild suspicion:

Sprawling unnaturally beside an overturned upholstered chair, lay the body of Henry Reeves, president of the bank. A glance sufficed to show he was dead; and the blood-stained rug, the deep gash in his neck, showed death had come in violent manner.

II.

IT WAS characteristic of Shumway that his first thought was for his paper. There was a telephone a few feet away. He crossed to it swiftly and called his office.

"The first thing to do," he said to Pierce, after describing the scene at the bank, "is to learn who phoned you about this murder. Or maybe you already know who it was. Eh?"

"No, I don't," said Pierce over the wire. "It was a man's voice, and he merely said, 'This is Z calling; I've just killed Reeves of the Second National.' Then he hung up. I tried to re-establish the connection, but couldn't make it. We're tracing the call now—or trying to."

"Good! We've got to find him," insisted Shumway. "There's a real mystery here, and this unknown 'Z' is probably the only person who can clear it up. He phoned you about 3:57, or between 3:55 and 3:59—I remember looking at the clock."

"Other papers there?" asked Pierce.

"All of them. He phoned them, too. They're in the directors' room now," said Shumway, rising from the desk with the receiver to his ear, "so I'd better choke off. Call you back in a few minutes." He snapped the receiver on its hook and hurried back to the long, paneled room, where lay the body of the murdered banker.

The room was rapidly filling with excited persons. Two of the newspaper reporters were quarreling over a telephone. At another telephone stood Simpson, the vice president, calling the police in a panic-struck voice.

Several of the other bank officials, attracted by the unwonted commotion, stood gaping in speechless horror at Reeves' dead body, as if unable to believe their eyes. A number of minor employes, similarly drawn to the chamber of death, clogged the doorway, whispering excitedly to one another, craning their necks to see what had happened.

The bank, peacefully dozing a few minutes ago, was now buzzing with alarm.

It was also characteristic of Shumway that when people around him waxed perturbed he grew calm. Now, in the midst of all this frantic agitation, he was cool master of his thoughts; and his mind was working clearly, with the clean-cut precision of a piece of perfect mechanism.

Heedless of the feverish babble in the room, he concentrated all his faculties on one thing alone, a momentous question: WHO KILLED REEVES?

Rapidly he marshaled all the known facts, adding to them as he inspected the room and questioned the bank officials, and these facts, when brought together, were arrayed in his mind as follows:

1. Reeves had entered the directors' room, unknown to his associates, between three and four o'clock this afternoon.

2. Also unknown to his associates, or to any other person in the bank, he had met a violent death there.

3. He had no enemies, so far as was known, and no cause for seeking self-destruction.

4. His assailant—assuming it was murder and not suicide—had gained access to the directors' room by a private passageway, which led to the corridor on the second floor of the bank building.

5. Since the body was still warm when found, Reeves had died only a few minutes before.

As Shumway mentally noted his fifth fact, it came to him that the banker undoubtedly was still alive when the mysterious "Z" had telephoned to the Herald.

This, of course, brought him back to the important question—of who this anonymous person was; and that bred other baffling questions, which Shumway quickly classified thus:

1. Assuming the unknown "Z" had murdered Reeves, what was his motive?

2. If he had committed the murder, why had he telephoned the newspapers about it?

3. If he hadn't committed the murder, how had he known of it even before the banker was dead?

These and other puzzling questions hinged, clearly enough, on the apprehension of "Z;" and Shumway, having made a hasty inspection of the room and questioned those who might shed light on the mystery here, started briskly back to the telephone, intending to call Pierce again. As he shoved his way thru the frightened crowd, which now filled the big room, he chanced to pass near the body of the dead bank president; he paused for a moment to gaze down at it, his brows knitted in deep perplexity.

On His Way There He Stopped at a Fruit Store and Carefully Selected and Bought Four Apples.

Reeves, in falling, had evidently struck one of the heavy upholstered chairs, upsetting it. His left hand rested on a rung of the chair, and his right arm was flung out horizontally from his body. He lay supine, his head back; it was apparent his life's blood had flowed from a severed jugular vein.

Suddenly Shumway stooped and picked from the rug, beside the body, three tiny brown objects, which he perceived to be apple seeds. He quietly inclosed these in his palm; then he saw something that seemed to have a deeper significance, something that piqued his interest sharply; the outstretched right hand of the dead man clutched a ragged sheet of blood-red paper.

Shumway would have given much to have possessed that bit of ruby-colored paper, and for a moment he rashly thought of taking it; but he knew the danger of doing that before the coroner's arrival, knew he was courting trouble in concealing even the apple seeds. Besides, Simpson and his fellow officials had recovered from their shook and were clearing the room in no gentle manner.

Ejected with the rest of the crowd, Shumway put the apple seeds in a vest pocket, then stepped to a telephone and called his office.

"We've traced the call!" Pierce jubilantly told him. "It came from the Owl Drugstore, two doors north of the bank. I've got two men on the way there."

"I'll be there first," said Shumway, and bolted for the street.

Entering the crowded drugstore, he wedged his way to the cashier's cage and said to the proud young woman, there:

"About five minutes to four this afternoon you sold a telephone slug, or maybe five or six, to a man who was eating an apple. Do you remember what that man looked like?"

The young woman surveyed him haughtily.

"What's eatin' you?" she inquired, with superb disdain. "We got ten public booths in this store, and I sell a thousand slugs a day. Beat it!"

Shumway didn't beat it. Instead, he handed her a ten-dollar bill.

"Think it over," he told her earnestly, "and try to remember. I'll return in a minute."

He crossed to the first telephone booth, saw it was occupied by a woman in furs, and tried the next one. Searching the floor and finding nothing more important than a cigar stump and a burnt match, he scanned the floor of the third booth, likewise unsuccessfully. The fourth was occupied, and he moved on.

When finally he opened the door of the seventh booth and looked closely at the floor, he uttered a low cry of triumph and plucked from a corner a fresh apple core, recently thrown there. He entered the booth, closed the door, which automatically lighted the lamp overhead, and with his thumbnail pried a seed from the apple core and compared it with those in his vest pocket.

They matched as perfectly as the buttons on his coat. Pocketing his possessions, he sought the proprietor of the store and quietly told him what had happened. His co-workers from the Herald came in at this juncture; and Shumway, knowing the coroner had probably arrived by now, left them in charge of the drugstore "angle" and hurried back to the bank.

When he entered the directors' room he found the coroner, whom he knew intimately, examining the body of the slain bank president. Two detective sergeants, whom he also knew, were inspecting the room, and the doors were guarded by two patrolmen.

But Shumway's eyes went first of all to the right hand of the dead man. It was empty.

"There was a bit of red paper in his right hand, Tom," he said casually to the coroner. "You got it, I suppose?"

The coroner, kneeling beside the body, looked up over his shoulder. "Oh, hello, Shumway! Yes, I found the paper. It's on the table there. I can't make anything of it."

Shumway's eyes, darting instantly to the table, beheld the ragged piece of paper—and involuntarily he gasped with amazement. Surely, this was carrying the thing too far! Zigzagging crazily across the blood-red surface, in heavy black lines, was fashioned a crude, gigantic letter "Z."

III.

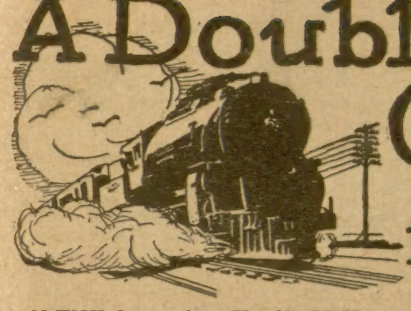
SHUMWAY, during his several years experience in metropolitan newspaper work, had encountered many peculiar criminals (and had helped capture not a few), but here was one quite new to him.

Here was one who walked boldly into a bank, stabbed the president to death, left his "calling card" in his victim's hand, scattered other evidence about, then calmly walked out and told the newspapers all about it—and got away. The brazenness of the thing, to say the least, was disconcerting.

Examining the sheet of scarlet paper beneath a

(Continued on Page 15.)

A Double-headed Conspiracy



by Horace Howard Herr

IN THE days when Hardin McKearney and I were wearing dark woolen shirts to keep down the laundry bill, and our line of credit at the Chinaman's eating house couldn't be stretched beyond the fourth meal ticket, the timekeeper on the Desert Division of the Continental was a tall, thin-faced fellow, whose appearance always suggested that what he most needed was a haircut and a dollar's worth of ham and eggs.

There is no excuse for shoving him in on this track at this particular time except for a remark made by a friend of his; at least he said it was made by a friend of his. It was the third time my monthly pay check had been short more than the price of a week's lodging and I dropped in to confer with the young man, determined to find out if his mind was really vacant or if there was anything in this vale of grief he knew something about.

When I had feebly indicated my astonishment on finding a person, charged with the sacred responsibility of seeing that two hundred conductors and brakemen got all the wages they earned, ignorant of the difference between yard time and deadheading, and unable to distinguish between a stilson wrench and a sealing iron, he looked at me sadly—even more so than usual—and said something about men being the product of environments and seldom able to discriminate, either in their employment or the class of men with whom they associate in a business way. He handed me quite a bundle of the sort of stuff you'd expect to find in the library car of a Trans-continental Limited and ended up by saying that a friend of his, Robert Louis Stevenson by name, had observed on one occasion, that "our conscious years are but a moment in the history of the elements that build us."

I couldn't recall having seen anything like that on a train order and I couldn't find Robert's name on the road's official list. The statement didn't have any visible connection with the eight dollars and forty-seven cents I was being cheated out of, even after I had earned it deadheading from Gallup to Winslow. I just concluded the slender person was stringing me and paid no more attention to the statement than an engineer on a fast stock train pays to a slow order.

Now that I'm trying to switch out an intelligible train of information on the double-headed conspiracy which came within a car length of putting the McKearney family in the ditch, I am disposed to believe this fellow Stevenson knew what he was saying. Of course, that remark about our conscious years may have been something he picked up; if he was a hog-head it couldn't have been original with him, for a man with no more brains than to take employment next to the boiler head of an engine couldn't have thought out anything like that. If Robert L. Stevenson was an engineer, I'd gamble as much as a hat check that he was popping off with some other fellow's steam when he unloaded that package of wisdom. However that may be, I'm here to say that the fellow who said that first, was a wise hombre.

You realize it when you start out to find the real beginning of anything. One thing couples on another until a fellow finds himself back to the first chapter of Genesis or playing hide-and-seek with the ring-tail monkeys in a cocoanut grove, just according to which track you follow.

The original Standard Book of Rules says: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." I imagine, if a fellow put out a tracer on any event transpiring since that date—if some ham agent didn't side-track the papers before they got all the way back—he would find that the story of even a hog-head or a boomer switchman was coupled on to that "in the beginning" with the air cut in, so to speak. Of course there would be high cars and low ones between the two, but there would be no break in the train line.

I reckon the consist of this train doesn't call for any cars from "the elements that build us." All I can handle over this division is "our conscious years" and the beginning of them must be about the day we left our little caboose hanging out on the main line at Cosnino and rudely interrupted the eastward flight of the varnished wagons which Tubby Thomas was yanking down the hill just six minutes ahead of his running time, by a perfectly reliable watch.

"Our conscious years" begin right there, for, ever since, McKearney and I have been more or less together. On that occasion Tubby Thomas, his tallow-pot and engine, McKearney and our caboose, I and a couple of cars of general merchandise including several bundles of semi-cured hides with a bad breath, were together!

Personally, I was more together after the crash than was either Tubby or McKearney, tho no one will expect me to say that I came out from under the wreckage less scratched than the fireman for, after all, a rear brakeman is almost human, while a tallowpot is just part of the engine.

At any rate, he and I had to excavate our respective bosses from the debris and right there is where I establish the beginning!

If I had failed in my effort to collect all that remained of McKearney and pull him from under an end sill, he would have been scalded to death by the steam from the engine's blow-off cock that had been jammed open in the crash. If McKearney had been scalded to death at that time, Kate McKearney would have been a widow, and, doubtless, the most pressing reminder of her deceased breadwinner would have been the son and daughter who had just arrived at that age where they needed a new pair of shoes every third week.

Knowing Kate as well as I do, I'm convinced that she would have turned back to switching out the menu in some railroad eating-house, and, while the youngsters might have had their shoes, they never would have attained the circumstance of college educations, golf, theater parties and newfangled ideas about social standing.

If McKearney had been steamed into eternity his son probably would have started in as a crew caller and ended with a blue uniform and brass buttons, the captain on a string of Pullmans; his daughter would have held down a regular trick slinging hash and shooting biscuits for a bunch of roughnecks until one of them persuaded her to give up working ten hours a day for all of them and settle down to working twenty hours a day for one of them. If McKearney had been steamed into eternity it would have been impossible for him to have become the general manager of the Continental System twelve years after Tubby Thomas' engine climbed in our caboose without using the door.

With neither malice nor premeditation I am sure, I saved McKearney for this future distinction, even tho there came a time when it looked as if I had ruined a boy and a girl by snatching them from the necessity of shaking hands with some sort of useful labor.

In coupling on to Mac to pull him from that pile of kindling wood and scrap iron, I did something else for which I am not to be blamed. I hooked myself to him so firmly that I haven't been able, perhaps I'd better say he hasn't been able, to pull the pin on me since. I've been sort of marker and tail light for him from that day to this. We've declared each other in on most everything from that day, even to the "Brownies" dished out for splitting switches and running by water cars that were waiting to be filled. When Mac bought a copper claim from a one-eyed Mexican for two hundred and fifty dollars, he declared me in on both the price of it and the roasting that broke out over the entire division when the gang found out about our investment.

WHEN the Timber Line branch was built to the Big Rim, passing within a train length of our half-grown mountain, I was in fifty-fifty on the money that began to come our way from that copper claim. When they made Mac trainmaster I was running freight on his district; when they made him division superintendent and gave him a private car with a porter and cook, and he didn't have to tip every time he turned 'round, he pulled me up to trainmaster with an expense account and a female lady stenographer; when the old copper hill had made us so much money we couldn't begin to spend it without laying off, and us being out of the habit of laying off since we both got up to jobs where there was no real work to do, Mac took the bank roll and put his hat over a substantial gob of Continental Preferred and when he finally went up to be the general manager of the Western lines, he took me along as assistant to the general manager, which isn't to be understood as a job demanding brains.

It was a secretary job with no secretarying to speak of. I had to sneak around and find out if a green necktie was proper with a dinner jacket, examine the chauffeur on the book of rules, keep Mac's old pipe and his favorite brand of plug cut handy so he could slip out a quiet smoke when none of the family or the hired help was about to be shocked, and keep Mac in a state of tolerable humility by constantly reminding him of the days when the present general manager of a great railroad system wasn't above sleeping in the shade while his brakeman did the heavy work.

The only place where Mac headed in while I pulled the air on myself, was matrimony. When we were fighting the west-end local on the Desert Division and Mac told me he was going to marry Kate Haley who had red hair and a steady job in the Ash Fork eating house, I gave him a washout signal and jumped. He took the plunge and, of course, after the ceremony I was so busy doing helper service for Kate and Mac I couldn't find the time necessary to permit me to go out and find the sort of a woman who would be willing to take me and my pay check and love honor and obey us.

I took the spare room at Mac's and helped pay the rent and when Hardin J. McKearney—J. meaning Jackson, that being a part of the stencil my parents put on me—arrived, I added to my duties that of being the Newfoundland dog for the boy. Two years later, when Patricia McKearney registered in, I proceeded to amputate everything but Pat from her first name and try to make her forget the humiliation of being born a girl.

As long as we were on the Desert Division where men wore denim overalls and weren't ashamed of the coal dust in their ears being a sort of yardmaster for the two kids was a soft run; a good deal like deadheading on a passenger train where you have nothing to do but ride and draw your pay and leave the responsibility for getting over the road on time to the regular crew. Kate and Mac, being the real crew on this Matrimonial Special, had to do the switching, flagging and making the meal stations while the kids and I rode the cushions. Be that as it may, when I became assistant to the general manager of the western lines of the Continental, no one bumped me off the job of being the Newfoundland dog for Hardin J. and Pat—it being understood that whenever Kate is present the daughter's name is Patricia.

When they built a new roundhouse for the McKearney family out on Cliff drive, besides stalls enough to take care of a full crew of maids, butlers and chauffeurs, they tacked on a lean-to at the rear of the second floor and this, besides providing me with a shelter from the elements, offered Mac a place where he could drop in semi-occasionally and unload a few profane remarks about the society game that went with being a general manager. It was a place, also, where Kate could come and wonder "whatever became of Minnie Sherman," Minnie having been the yardmaster in the Ash Fork eating house when Kate began juggling dishes there. As for Hardin J. and Pat, until they went away to school they were in that room so much of the time that I was always feeling the need of sleep as much as if I had been doubling a hill division with a coal drag.

As long as Kate and I had the youngsters where we could pull the air on them when they got to rolling too fast, everything went along smoothly. I say "Kate and I" because Mac was a general manager and when one is general managering he has to leave details to others. Mac just formulated policies. He said Hardin J. should be sent to a civil engineering school and that Pat should go to some harmless college where female persons were given an eastern polish which made it impossible for a stranger to suspect they were born in Arizona.

Mac made these decisions and paid the bills, the details, such as how to get Hardin J. a polo pony without answering a joblot of fool questions about the expense of a modern education, and how to keep Pat dressed well enough to prevent her classmates from turning in her name to the Board of Relief for Needy but Deserving Students, fell to Kate and me. We were tolerably busy, for two perfectly modern educations have as much detail to them as an overcharge claim has red tape.

If Hardin J. and Pat had been assigned to the same division Kate and I would have had more time on the spot, but you take an eagle-eye from the Big Four and another from the Santa Fe and you can't get them to agree on a single phase of railroading; where one says it is proper to head in, the other insists that everybody but a downright ham would back in, and if one of them says that lump coal is the best for steam the other holds out for Chili slack.

Of course, sending Hardin J. on one division and Pat on another was the decision of the general manager, and Kate and I had to make the best of the arrangement. While the two youngsters were out on their respective runs things went on fairly smoothly, but when they got their vacation layovers at home—well, all the heavy arguments start when the gang is killing time at the reading-room or loafing in the roundhouse or

Harding J. Came Home With a Couple of Bulldogs.

Pat Registered With an Oration and a Diploma.

(Continued on Page 17.)

Concluding a Story of What Happened When the East Met the West

The Fangs of a Mongrel Breed

By A. W. Breeden

Read This First

The fire drove the blacks into the jungle and their cannon was captured and taken aboard the brigantine on a raft. Hundreds of the colored battlers perished in the furious and far-reaching blaze. A government police boat appeared and demanded the surrender of John Mitchel and Dr. Hishanuma, President Maderia having lost faith in the American's loyalty to the republic, now that he had married the Marchesa's daughter. "Tell President Maderia that his war minister is a traitor and we have the papers to prove it!" shouted Pietro Silvia, commander of the brig. "You can have Hishanuma, but not the young American!" With that Silvia swung a great broadsword and severed Hishanuma's head from his body. Silvia tossed the Jap's dripping head to the frightened officers on board the police cutter.

Mitchel disguised himself as an old man and went to the negro convent. The Voodoo worshipers were lamenting their awful losses by mixing in the weird and thrilling Calinda dance. John and Paula watched the sickening orgies until they were forced to flee in disgust.

CATACARA, a Jap, and big Toussaint, a half-breed, became Buenevento's chief lieutenants in leading the thousands of black and mongrel revolutionists. Many thousands of them returned to the burned district about Pirate Cape. Desperate fighting was resumed. Three strange vessels were approaching and the brigantine prepared to intercept them. One was a modern snow-white steam yacht flying the Stars and Stripes. The other two were Japanese ships.

This story began in No. 10, the Ledger for March 11. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Paula grew desperate for fear she could never drag her Jean Michel away from that fiery pit, she picked up his revolver where it had fallen on the ground and was about to kill herself. Then the sight of her aiming the pistol at her head brought the American to his senses just as the sight of her struggling in the villainous Buenevento's arms had first done.

He snatched the weapon from her, and spoke for the first time in his natural voice.

"Paula! Paula! Marchesita! We must fly from this place while there is time."

And running hand in hand, they fled across the coffee plantation. They passed the house where the nonagenarian was smoking the human heads. They ran on and on like two terrified children. And finally they brought up at the back of the plantation where the jungle encroached upon it.

How had Paula known John Mitchel? Love has eyes that can pierce all disguises, and he had never doubted that she would know him in any makeup. At the back of the plantation they stopped to rest and get their breath. In the distance they could still hear the bleating of the Voodoo call.

"Stop your ears, Jean, stop your ears!" cried Paula, as she put her own soft hands over Mitchel's ears.

"It has no power over me now," said John solemnly. "Nothing has any power over me now but your sweet voice. Oh, Paula, how have you been?"

"Let us not talk about that now, Jean. We must think first of getting away. We must reach some road. We must reach some village. We must get out of the jungle. They will be at that hideous business for hours. When they find that old Buen is dead they will pursue us, and afterward they will throw a wanga for both of us. It is their rule. Any one who has seen the Calinda dance, and afterwards displeases them in any way, is sure to die. How they do it, I do not know. Buen said they never miss a victim. Whether it is poison or witchcraft, or both, I don't know, but he told me of many cases that I myself knew of already, and they all died—he said from the wanga, of course. That is why no church official dared condemn them; it would have cost him his life. They have no more a convent there than our villa is a convent. Oh, Jean, my mother was more than cruel to send me there!"

"Yes, dearie, but let us be moving." He held the girl for a moment in his arms.

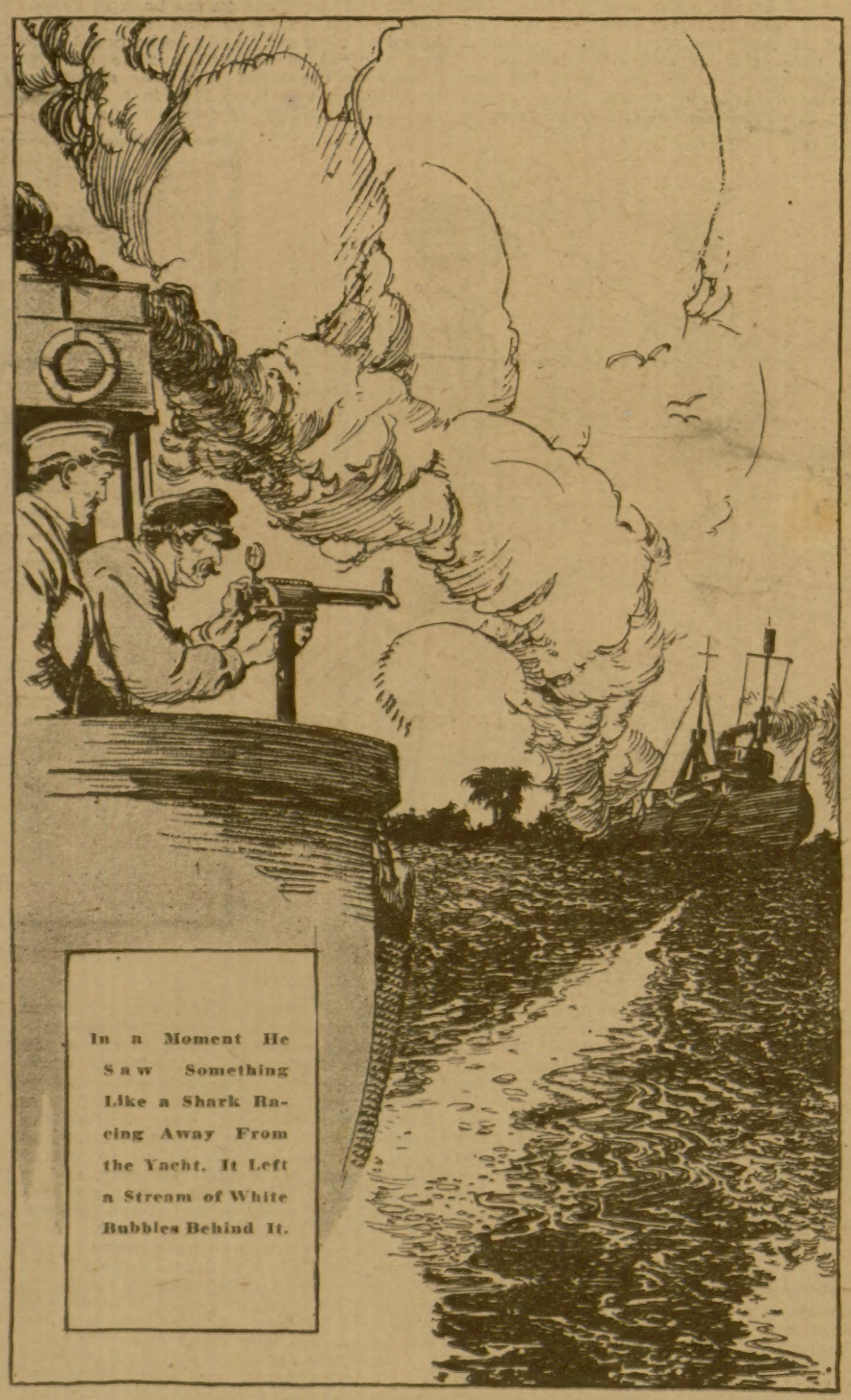
They skirted the coffee plantation and finally came out at a trail. "This trail leads back into the jungle," said John. "That way lies danger. We must find a road."

They still skirted the fields. They were then three or four miles from the convent, and still they could hear the beating up of the voodoo call.

Suddenly John turned around and started back toward the convent.

"Jean," said the girl kindly, "come with me. Hold my hand and come with me. That call has no power on me. I have resisted it night after night for, oh, so many nights that I cannot count them. Jean, I think there are gray hairs in my head. Come with me, Jean," and she led him along by the hand following one false trail and another, and, dawn found them still in the jungle, but evidently many miles away from the scenes of horror they had quitted. John Mitchel wanted to keep on by day, but the girl had no effective disguise, and was too much afraid of being caught to venture forth. So they hid all day in the jungle, equally afraid of the white men that might pass and of the black natives that did pass near them form time to time. They had nothing to eat, and were tormented with mosquitoes and ants and bugs.

But during the day Mitchel figured out



In a Moment He Saw Something Like a Shark Racing Away From the Yacht. It Left a Stream of White Bubbles Behind It.

their location, and then that night they found the main road to the Villa da Sao Vincente, and a friendly carter, whose little girl Paula had nursed once when she was ill, carried them to the villa.

Here they found the old keeper Tomas and his wife Margat, who were overjoyed at seeing their little Paula once more. But their difficulties were not yet at an end. Mitchel was still in danger if he were caught, and Paula was in deadly fear of her mother. There was an old sailboat belonging to the keeper there, and he agreed to take them down to the capital in it as soon as the tide should turn. John decided at last to throw off his disguise and go down to the city as himself, but to keep Paula always with him, which showed that even then he did not realize the extent of the danger to him and all honest republicans.

They waited at the villa all day, resting and sleeping and doctoring their insect bites and swallowing great capsules of quinine against the fever, and were to start to the capital that night.

But just at dark, there was a halloo. Paula was frightened nearly to death and begged the American to hide himself, but he would not. And then there dismounted before the gate, thirty or forty horsemen, shouting for old Tomas to open the gates.

At once Paula was in ecstacy.

"It is Sylvestre. It is my cousin Sylvestre," she cried, and ran and opened the gates herself.

It was indeed Sylvestre da Sao Vincente, and he was in a towering rage.

"We went to that infernal convent," he said, "and we fairly tore the blankets from the beds in our search for you. I'll bet that gang of black Voodoo worshippers never had such a fright before in their lives. They had been used to being visited by pompous government officials and mysterious Voodoo doctors, but they hadn't seen anything like us. Those wenches squalled, you may believe. They told me that you had gone, but of course I did not believe them. By the way, old Buen Buenevento, your mother's faithful retainer and the biggest Voodoo faker in all this country, is dead. I broke into the room where he was lying in state and pitched him out the window.

"Say, I challenged the nearest male relative of that mother of yours to a duel, and who do you think is going to answer for her."

"Who?" in chorus from John and Paula.

"None other than Dom Roderigues Hernandez, minister of war. That traitor will eat his supper in Hades tomorrow night or I'm no true republican."

"You had better be careful, Cousin Sylvestre. That Dom Roderigues is a tricky person. He will trap you and your men, and have his military cut you down."

"He will do no such thing, Paula. I aim to take you two with me, and march toward the capital tonight. Tomorrow morning we will ride to the presidential palace in force. I know the man is using bribery; I know he is sounding out his army officers to see how many of them are in with his dirty Bragadista schemes. I will denounce him to Maderia. The President has a faithful body guard of three hundred men. We will form a nucleus of honest men and defend the palace against all rebels if the worst comes to the worst. We have cannon there and we will know how to give that canaille their fill of grape shot.

"Meanwhile he will fight me in the palace yard, or I will denounce him for a coward and a mountebank and a traitor from one end of the capital to the other."

JOHN MITCHEL called Sylvestre aside and showed him the papers, proving Hernandez to be a traitor to the republic.

"I will flaunt these in his face," cried the fiery Sylvestre. "I will make him eat them. One Sao Vincente married a spawn of royalism, and another Sao Vincente shall wipe out that stain in the name of liberty and drive that spawn of royalism from the realm."

So it was decided, and that night the cavalcade of forty armed republicans rode to the capital, arriving just at dawn. A guard of a hundred military police tried to stop them at the gate.

"Who goes there?" called the captain of the guard.

"Sylvestre da Sao Vincente, and friends of the republic!" thundered the redoubtable republican.

"Halt, Sylvestre da Sao Vincente. We have orders to stop all armed bodies trying to enter the capital."

"And I have orders to move at will thru this republic, and to shoot down all traitors who oppose me; move aside." And the band of M. P.'s wasted no time in moving aside and letting the cavalcade pass.

They rode with John Mitchel and the Donna Paula in their midst up the main thorofare of the city to the plaza of the presidential palace. On their way up the main street they passed under the balcony of the house of the Marchesa; but the Marchesa was still sleeping at that hour and so did not see the sight. But farther up the street they passed the house of the minister of war, and that gentleman, with a look of deep scorn on his face watched them gallop past.

No sooner had they arrived at the presidential palace and been admitted, horse and man, within the grounds, than Sylvestre sent word at once to Hernandez that he stood ready to fight him at 9 o'clock, in deadly combat within the palace yard.

Then he and Paula and John Mitchel went into the library and waited with what patience they could command for the President to come in. After some minutes the President entered with his private secretary, and all rose and stood waiting. He shook hands with Paula first and bade her be seated. Then he shook hands with Dom Sylvestre, and also bade him be seated. He then turned coldly to John Mitchel, but did not offer his hand.

"You are a friend to Dr. Hishanuma, the Japanese spy, I think," he said coldly, eying the young man. The old President had aged. He looked feeble. He was a sick man.

"You are mistaken, Mr. President! I am a friend to the republic."

"But you are now married to a distant cousin of Prince John of Braga, and are hence a Bragadista."

"I am married to Paula da Sao Vincente, in civil marriage, that is true, but I am not and never will be a Bragadista. Listen, Mr. President, you have evidently not heard the news. My lieutenant, Pietro Silvia, sent Hernandez the head of Dr. Hishanuma. He also sent word to you that I am a better patriot than you are because I could not be fooled by that arch traitor Dom Roderigues, whom you appear to trust. Here is the proof, President Maderia, that I was busily engaged on behalf of the republic," and he laid a number of papers upon the table.

The secretary took them up and read them aloud, one by one. At the end of the reading of the third paper, the one directing Hernandez to have a proper man to receive fifty thousand stands of arms and several million cartridges at Pirate Cape, the President interrupted him and crossed the room and took John Mitchel by the hand, while the tears ran down his withered cheeks.

"I have wronged you, John Mitchel," he said, "I have wronged you deeply. Accept my heartfelt apologies and my grateful thanks for your services."

"Had you not better have Hernandez apprehended at once?" asked the secretary. "Here is ample proof of his treachery."

"I am in a quandary," said the old president. "I believe the army to be

more faithful to him than to me."

"But the people," cried Sylvestre. "The people, at least, will be faithful to the republic. We will placard the city, denouncing this man as a traitor and an outlaw and putting a price upon his head. And in meantime I will take my forty faithful followers and go and arrest him and bring him here at once."

The President still hesitated. Finally he broke his silence by saying:

"First, let me write an order for the arrest of this Roderigues Hernandez. Dom Sylvestre, I commission you and your men to bring me this man; but I would rather you would do it quietly and without bloodshed if you can."

Dom Sylvestre left the Palace and with his forty cavaliers quitted the Palace grounds. The reading of those papers, which pointed to an almost immediate uprising of the negroes and Indians and half-breeds of the country, was interrupted a few minutes later by the sound of rifle-firing in the street. The excited little group in the President's library all stepped to the windows to see what could be seen. They saw people running hither and thither, and heard the cry echoed and re-echoed from one end of the city to the other. "La Revolucione!" La Revolucione!"

Hernandez had begun his coup d'etat. And presently the firing broke out spontaneously in every quarter of the city at once. The minister of war had attempted to have his henchmen arrest all officers not in sympathy with his schemes. But, in nearly every case, the attempted arrests were being resisted by force, and the army was turning upon itself, breaking up rapidly into partisan bands, which began to fight from street to street and continued to fight thruout that hot and terrible day.

In ten minutes there was fighting immediately in front of the Palace gates, and then Dom Sylvestre and his band were at the gates asking admission, and the gates were opened to admit them. Several of the men were wounded; all were in disarray and blackened with powder smoke.

Dom Sylvestre entered the library and bowed to the President. He had lost his hat. He had a saber cut on his cheek, and was limping and bloody.

"I beg to report, your excellency," he said, "that I arrived too late. Hernandez has made his escape and is leading the main body of his army from the city to join the revolutionists. I beg that myself and my men be allowed to join your body guard and defend the Presidential Palace."

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Pietro Silvia and his comrades began to sing "Hail Boliver," they fully expected that they would be sent to the bottom of the sea in a very few minutes; and when old Pietro, seeing the yacht steaming rapidly down from the north, made the joke about there being a good many people on their way to their funeral, he honestly believed he was at the end of his life.

But a few moments later hope flared up in his bosom. A second shot from the German hooker struck the vessel and sent her reeling, and at the same time Pietro cried out:

"The little steamer! Look, men, she carries the Stars and Stripes!"

It was indeed true. The yacht that was bearing down so swiftly upon them while the surviving Japanese vessel stood off, was indeed carrying an American flag. That flag was a beautiful object as that bright morning it fluttered and danced in the breeze, and the men on the brigantine at once raised a cheer.

Then one of the younger men began to wave a distress signal, and another drew from his shirt an American flag that he always carried with him, for very love of the great republic, and began to wave it wildly up and down.

The American yachtsman was evidently a good sport. He soon arrived on the scene and swung his yacht directly in the supposed German craft's line of fire.

"What is the matter?" he called in English to the brigantine.

And Pietro, in the best English he could command, answered:

"A Japanese and German plot to destroy the republic of New Portugal. We are honest republicans and they are trying to sink us."

"He iss a liar," called a voice from aboard the craft that had been doing the firing. The voice had a distinctly Teutonic accent.

"One at a time, gentlemen," called the yachtsman. "You on the sinking vessel there, you have the floor."

"Well, I am telling you the truth, and I can prove it by John Mitchel, who is an American like you."

"Do you know John Mitchel?"

"Yes; he is the real commander of this vessel, but he is on shore now."

"He iss lying, Mr. American," shouted the German. "He iss a common pirate and has just sunk a foreign vessel."

"What was she loaded with?" asked the American.

"She was loaded with ammunition for the niggers, and was sent here by Japan," shouted old Pietro.

"Steady where you are, there," called the yachtsman to the German hooker. "If you try to do anything with that little popgun of yours, I'll have Uncle Sam spank you. Stand by, friends of John Mitchel. I'm going to take you off."

And in a moment he had run the yacht close to the starboard rail of the brigantine, and the men were clambering aboard. The wounded were put aboard first, and the negroes allowed to come over last. They were just in time with the transfer; in two minutes the brigantine turned on her beam ends and went to the bottom.

"Now, then, make your complaint against these men," shouted the yacht's skipper to those on the German boat.

"They are pirates," called the commander of the vessel. "We were sent out from Braganza to arrest them. This vessel just now is an official warship of New Portugal."

"Well, you can't arrest these men today; they are my guests. What about the Japanese vessel out there? Is she your friend? She seems sort of shy; she doesn't come up close."

"We know nothing about that ship."

"Well, go back and tell your government that we don't either, but that we're going to stick around and find out."

After this the young yachtsman turned, and paying no further attention to the other craft, introduced himself to old Pietro. "I'm John Wise," he said. "You say you are a special friend of John Mitchel; well I call myself that, too. Tell me about this little old revolution now; I'm fond of revolutions. I came down into these waters just in the hope that I'd run into one."

Then old Pietro told him all he knew about the Japanese-German plot, and ended by saying: "Run your boat close into the shore, westward from here, and I'll show you a sight that will make you understand what a revolution might mean."

"But I want to watch that Jap prowler yonder," said Wise; "she makes a noise like a snake in the grass."

"She's headed for the same place I'm telling you about," said old Pietro, "Pirate Cape. It's not over two or three hours' sailing from here for such a craft as this."

John Wise, son of a millionaire father, sailed away toward Pirate Cape, while his steward made the wounded men easy and gave the half-famished sailors all the food they could eat.

And as the yacht sped along he made old Pietro tell him all about his friend, John Mitchel; and of course the old republican told him all about the plot and revolution as well, omitting or sketching pretty broadly, however, the part in which he had played the hero. And when they hove in sight of the beach such a sight as they saw! The blacks had bivouacked as best they could in the margin of the burned area. It must have been a poor place at best. There was certainly no food or fuel, except what they had brought with them, and no decent water, the supply afforded by a small stream that came in from the jungle being yellow and brackish. But half-savage men are noted for their patience; it is a savage virtue. John Wise tried to estimate their number, and reported to Pietro that there must have been forty or fifty thousand.

"And that Japanese hooker is planning to furnish rifles and ammunition to this mob," said old Pietro.

"Uh, huh," said Wise, musingly. Then he whistled between his teeth. "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight."

The men on the shore showed great curiosity at the sight of the beautiful yacht. Wise had purposely not flown the American flag, at Pietro's suggestion, and then in a spirit of deviltry had run up a black flag he carried, with a large skull and crossbones painted upon it. The royalist "generals" eyed him thru ancient field glasses. At least a hundred canoes were lying in the creek; but the men in them made no effort to come out and investigate the new craft.

"Well, we have seen," said Wise after awhile. He was plainly impressed and looked very serious. "Suppose we put back to sea and keep that Japanese floating magazine under observation."

In the late afternoon they came upon the Japanese craft and spoke to her.

"What are you?" called a voice from the Japanese vessel.

John Wise took up a megaphone and chuckled before he bellowed: "The Monroe Doctrine!" He was now flying the Stars and Stripes once more.

"Monroe Doctrine ahoy!" called the voice that had first inquired. "We would like to send a couple of officers to you for exchange of courtesies."

Old Pietro shook his head.

"No courtesies exchanged," Wise yelled thru the megaphone.

"You are certainly very polite," came the voice. "We shall report this insult to your government."

"Oh, that's all right, old gobbler. I'm not on very good terms with the government anyway." And Wise laid down the megaphone and chuckled some more.

THE ships were drifting in the late afternoon calm. They came within a hundred yards of each other and drifted past, going in opposite directions. Then the yacht switched in her engines and made a circle completely around the Japanese craft, like a small boy walking all round a big man to look at him. It was the height of insolence, and it tickled old Pietro till he shook his fat sides.

Toward night the Japanese vessel, which had been idling on the calm waters with her engine at rest, began to steam away toward the west. Immediately the little yacht put in just behind her.

At this the man who had been acting as spokesman for the Japanese craft spoke warningly: "You're a pirate, that's what you are. Quit following us about or I'll make you very sorry."

"Oh, you go to the devil, and tell him I sent you," replied Wise with perfect sang froid.

The men on the larger craft at once uncovered a long and beautiful Japanese naval rifle. A gun that hits a small boat easily at a mile's distance. Wise kept his yacht right in the wake of the big ship and the same distance behind her. The men at the gun swung it around and trained it, with great show of precision, upon the yacht.

Then John Wise picked up his megaphone and shouted a line or two from Kipling:

"And if a thousand swords should come
To carry my bones away,
Perchance the price of a jackal's meal
Were more than a thief could pay."

THERE was nothing more said on either side, and in silence the two boats pushed on steadily toward the coast. At sunset they came in sight of that huge military camp of colored ragamuffins, and the Jap ship dropped anchor. Its commander evidently expected this maneuver would frighten the little yacht. But the yacht sailed even nearer to the coast than the Jap did, and went running along the shore as if reviewing the motley army on the beach. Then a boatload of officers and men put off from the Jap vessel and six of the "generals" came down to the beach to greet them. There was a great powwow, and the

(Continued on Page 19.)

It Was One of Pietro's Men. Mitchel Thought That He Was Looking At a Ghost.

Further Chapters of a Baffling New York Mystery Story

The Devil's Pills

By Crittenden Marriott

This Was Told in the Opening Installment

A window in the Chimneystack Apartment building was open. The upper sash was down and both panes had been shattered; obviously by a small missile projected from without. Possibly a bullet had been fired from an office in the Electrolier building across the street. On the floor of the room in the Chimneystack Apartments lay the body of a man known to the few who had observed him as

OTTO WERDER, a man of mystery, evidently of foreign birth, who had occupied the apartment for several months, according to statements made by

JOHN ARMOUR, manager of the building, the latter originally from Armenia, but now Americanized and a resident of New York for twenty years. First to discover the lifeless victim was

RUSSELL CONWAY, a real estate man, who occupied the office across the street from which, as before stated, the bullet or other missile could have been fired. When

CHARLEY HATTON, the Gazette's star reporter, entered the room Conway was there, much excited and seemed to be gloating over the foreigner's death. Conway had a crumpled letter in his hand. The reporter caught his words as he cried, "The beast—the foul beast! Why didn't I know sooner?"

According to the negro elevator boy, Conway a minute or two before had rushed across the street and tried to gain entrance into Werder's room by forcing the door. Conway claimed he was ringing the bell when he heard a scream and a heavy fall. Later he and Mr. Armour had forced another door and found the body.

DETECTIVE HEBER, as well as the reporter, shortly after their arrival upon the scene observed that a gas jet beside the broken window was still burning; also that what appeared to be bits of broken glass were on the floor of the room.

DR. WINDOM, the coroner, on examining the body, amazed his hearers by announcing that the victim had not been shot at all. There was no sign of a wound on him, he said. Death might have been caused by heart failure, or from sudden shock—the autopsy would probably tell. Before writing his story for the Gazette, Hatton chanced to meet a showwoman, known as

AYESHA, THE SNAKE CHARMER, whom he had previously known when he was a war correspondent in Armenia, three years before. Ayesha and an American girl named

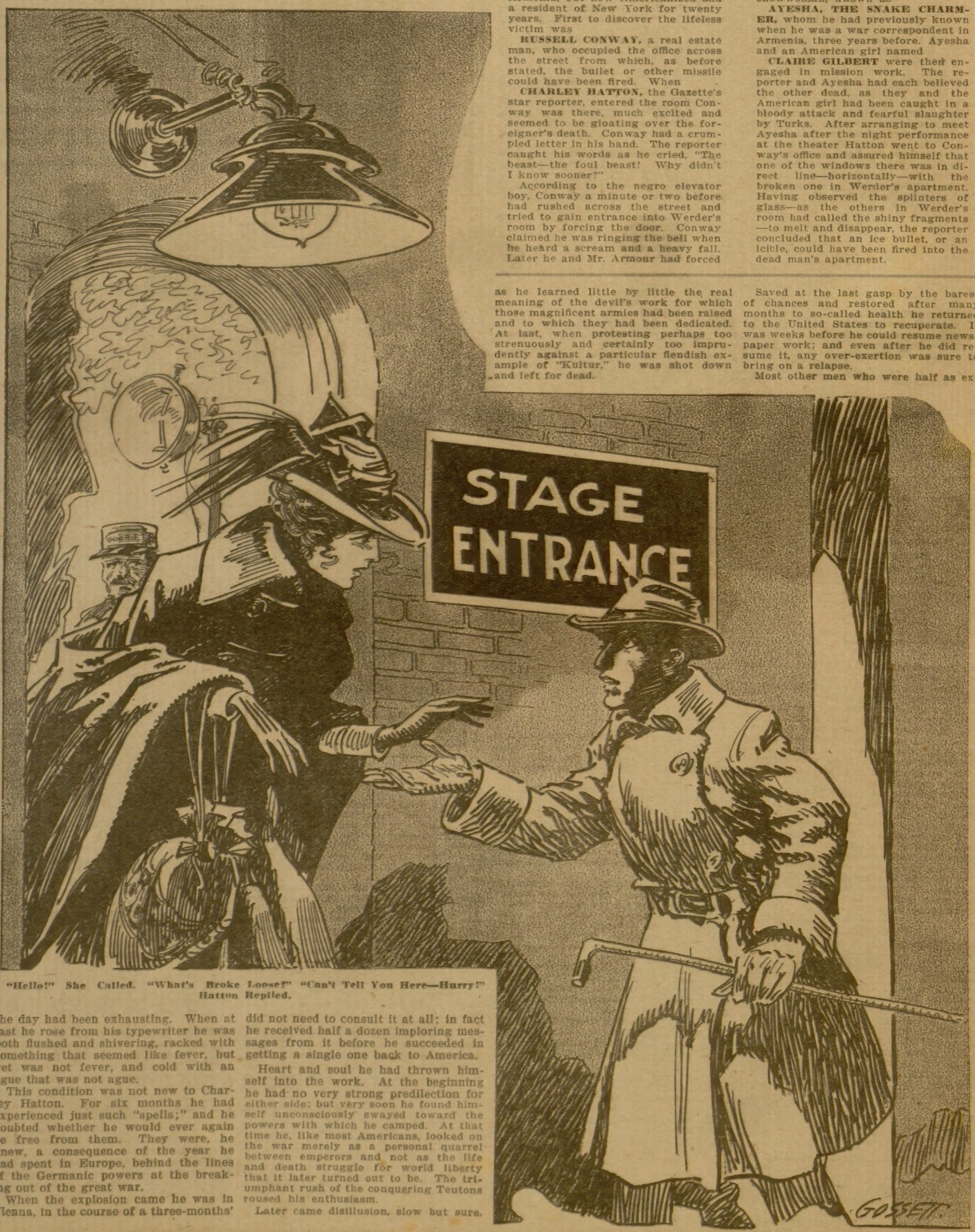
CLAIRE GILBERT were then engaged in mission work. The reporter and Ayesha had each believed the other dead, as they and the American girl had been caught in a bloody attack and fearful slaughter by Turks. After arranging to meet Ayesha after the night performance at the theater Hatton went to Conway's office and assured himself that one of the windows there was in direct line—horizontally—with the broken one in Werder's apartment. Having observed the splinters of glass—as the others in Werder's room had called the shiny fragments—to melt and disappear, the reporter concluded that an ice bullet, or an icicle, could have been fired into the dead man's apartment.

CHAPTER III.

FEW reporters can turn out more than two ordinary newspaper columns in less than three hours, but Hatton wrote more than three columns before he ended. Moreover, globe-trotting trip; and like all other newspaper men, he welcomed the clash of arms and went crazy with delight when he got permission to follow the armies in the field. His association with the Gazette was an old one and he as he learned little by little the real meaning of the devil's work for which those magnificent armies had been raised and to which they had been dedicated. At last, when protesting perhaps too strenuously and certainly too imprudently against a particular fiendish example of "Kultur," he was shot down and left for dead.

Saved at the last gasp by the barest of chances and restored after many months to so-called health he returned to the United States to recuperate. It was weeks before he could resume newspaper work; and even after he did resume it, any over-exertion was sure to bring on a relapse.

Most other men who were half as ex-



"Hello!" She Called. "What's Broke Loose?" "Can't Tell You Here—Hurry!" Hatton Replied.

the day had been exhausting. When at last he rose from his typewriter he was both flushed and shivering, racked with something that seemed like fever, but yet was not fever, and cold with an ague that was not ague.

This condition was not new to Charley Hatton. For six months he had experienced just such "spells;" and he doubted whether he would ever again be free from them. They were, he knew, a consequence of the year he had spent in Europe, behind the lines of the Germanic powers at the breaking out of the great war.

When the explosion came he was in Vienna, in the course of a three-months' did not need to consult it at all; in fact he received half a dozen imploring messages from it before he succeeded in getting a single one back to America.

Heart and soul he had thrown himself into the work. At the beginning he had no very strong predilection for either side; but very soon he found himself unconsciously swayed toward the powers with which he camped. At that time he, like most Americans, looked on the war merely as a personal quarrel between emperors and not as the life and death struggle for world liberty that it later turned out to be. The triumphant rush of the conquering Teutons roused his enthusiasm.

Later came disillusion, slow but sure,

hausted as he was after he had finished his first story on the Werder case would have gone to bed and sent for a doctor. Hatton, however, thought not at all of either bed or doctor—and would not think of them till he had solved some of the mysteries that still hung about Werder's death. His nose was to the trail and nothing short of sheer physical inability would make him quit it. Moreover he had to prepare for the next day's story by taking Madame Ayesha to supper.

The average reporter's work is never finished. Almost invariably he carries home with him at night a hang-over from the assignments he had covered during the day. He can never get ahead of his work. His task is to portray history in the making; and history-making never stops. Let the world sleep or wake as it may, life goes on, without haste but without rest; and where life is, there also must be its chronicler.

To a newspaper man, each day brings fresh problems, but they are problems that after all are mere continuances or repetitions of the problems of the day before. They must be caught as they come, for they come fast. He who would grasp them must grasp quickly. Very soon the game "gets him" or repudiates him altogether. The newspaper is a jealous mistress.

This is the everyday reporter. The big men, those who get the important assignments that run on for days and even for weeks, literally never rest. Always they are obsessed with the belief that the world is waiting breathlessly for them to tell it about itself; and little short of death will prevent them from trying to meet expectations.

Hatton's particular work was even more pressing. He had, not merely to chronicle the daily developments, as did others of his craft, but he had also to devise each day a story that would not only satisfy his readers—who, after all, wanted facts as well as suspense—but that would also fit in broadly with the solution of the mystery when time should have disclosed it.

Hatton was not a novelist who could keep the earlier chapters of his story to himself till he reached the solution and then alter them to agree with it. With him the moving finger literally wrote and passed on; and the written words remained, not to be recalled. Unless he constructed his stories with almost prophetic power, people would be sure sooner or later to write sarcastic letters to the Gazette, casting scorn upon his powers of prognostication.

Moreover, people would stop reading his "stuff," and the next time he essayed the role of detective they would sniff and ignore it—and the Gazette would fire him.

To prevent this as long as possible he had devised a method that was simple in principle, tho difficult in practice. It was based on the rule of the Delphic Oracle of old to make no statement that could not later be given at least two different meanings. Practice had made him expert at this, and he had long since ceased to worry about the distant future. Sooner or later it would bring him humiliation—this much he knew and discounted and forgot. But he had never ceased to worry about the story that he would have to write the next night.

IN THIS particular case he did not know, of course, what the coming day would bring. Very likely something would develop—some big "end" to the story that would make useless anything he might do that night. On the other hand, he might work all the following day and get nothing. So, tired as he was, he knew that he must keep his engagement to take Madame Ayesha to supper and see if he could get from her a framework on which he could, if necessary, build a story on the morrow.

He had no compunctions whatever about using her. He knew well that the tribe to which she belonged would stand for anything that would get them talked about. Moreover, he sympathized with their desire for advertisement, rightly ascribing it to business far fore than to vanity. Notoriety means money for theater people just as it does for a soap or a perfume or a breakfast food; and theater people need the money just as much as do the manufacturers of the soap and the perfume or the breakfast food.

The fact that they advertise themselves, and that the manufacturer advertises his wares was, in Hatton's estimation, of absolutely no importance. Each advertised what he had to sell, and each increased his income in proportion to the degree in which he became known. Hatton was always glad to give an "artist" a leg up.

Moreover, he was by no means certain that Ayesha might not be in some way mixed up in the Werder mystery. She lived in the building; she was a good deal agitated about Werder's death; she was—if Hatton could judge—just the type of woman that would go crazy with jealousy, and Werder was just the sort of man that would give her cause to go crazy. Some affair between the two that led to Werder's murder was, from a newspaper point of view, not at all improbable. Anyhow, the possibility might very well be made to serve as material for a good story. Hatton decided to pry into its possibilities.

At the theater he looked at his watch and, finding that he was early, went into the lobby, intending to learn the character of Ayesha's act before going to the stage door for her. Afar off, on the other side of the lobby, he caught sight of her name in big black letters across the top of a poster, the rest of which was hidden from his sight by the body of a bulky man who seemed to be studying it intently. Subconsciously Hatton judged that this man was merely some casual spectator and strolled toward him in leisurely fashion.

Then, abruptly, he checked his stride, sheered off to the right, and, without halting, described a wide curve that took him back to the entrance and out of the lobby into the street.

The man was Detective Heber.

What the devil was he doing there? Hatton asked himself. Why was he studying Madame Ayesha's poster? Did he really suspect the woman of Werder's murder?

Hatton's blood quickened at the thought. If the police were really after Madame Ayesha he meant to beat them to it or know the reason why.

Swiftly he hurried to the stage door and sent in his card with a scribbled line:

"Come out as quick as you can. Big news."

Eeither the call was efficacious or Madame Ayesha was ready and waiting, for she came out almost instantly, anxiety in her bearing.

"Hello!" she called, the moment she saw him. "What's broke loose?"

But Hatton shook his head.

"Can't tell you here," he said. "Some one I don't want to see you is coming! We've got to get away. Hurry!"

Hesitantly for a moment the woman looked at him. Then she nodded.

"All right," she said.

Half an hour later the two were seated at a table in one of Broadway's gilded lobster palaces.

When the waiter had gone with the order Madame Ayesha leaned forward.

"Well?" she said. "Ain't it about time you were spilling the beans? Or have I got to wait till the toothpicks?"

Her tones were mocking, but they were also uneasy.

Hatton hesitated.

"I'd rather not tell you just now," he said, at last. "I want to talk of some other things first. I'll tell you before we leave. May I wait?"

For answer, Madame Ayesha shrugged her shapely shoulders.

"Sure," she said. "Suit yourself. Let your news wait, if you like, and go ahead and tell me about the Werder case."

Charley told her—and watched her and listened to her comment besides. He seemed to be speaking with utter frankness, and he was indeed very nearly doing so. Frankness to him seemed most likely to produce the reaction he wanted —the reaction that would enable him to connect the woman with the Werder case.

But he was long in finding it. Vainly he dangled bait after bait without getting even a nibble. Madame Ayesha listened and commented on all with an apt vivacity and an apparent light-heartedness that even Charley could scarcely have believed to be assumed if he had not seen the serpent of fear that lay coiled behind her eyes. But she told nothing of significance, and at last he

(Continued on Page 21.)

Is This Your Type?

By MARIE LA ROQUE

The Short Lower Lip

A HINDOO who sets himself up as an analyst of the human features says that if your lower lip is smaller than your upper lip, it is "a bad tendency." You search further the drops of wisdom that fall from his pen and find that, on the other hand, if the lower lip is larger than the upper lip it is a sign that you are "a liar and quarrelsome." So you see there isn't much hope for you anyway unless you are one of those rare persons whose upper and lower lips are exactly equal.

It is a fact that you may observe for yourself that among the white race the short lower lip is more usual than it is among any whose skin is brown, black or yellow, and this is no doubt due to the fact that the bucal cavity—which is just an important way of saying the inside of the mouth—is deeper among those races than it is usually with us. There have, of course, been beauties with long lower lips, but in general the short lower lip in a woman's face makes for prettiness. It is usually longer proportionately in the male than in the female tho this does not mean that the short lower lip makes for effeminacy in a man's face. Abraham Lincoln had a short lower lip. Enough said by way of showing that the short lower lip is a good characteristic.

Now don't confuse the short lower lip with the thin lower lip, which is quite a different proposition. The first is the lip in which the distance from the mouth to the curve of the chin is short—tho in this type of lip the red part of the lip may be as full as you please.

Diane of Poitiers and Madame de Maintenon both had unusually short lower lips and they were undoubtedly the two most successful of the long list of intriguing French ladies who gained their distinction thru the favors of Kings.

In spite of all this you will find that a rather large number of the members of the royal houses of Europe had rather long lower lips and among some of the aristocratic families in England the long

Short Lower Lip

lower lip has persisted for many generations. Queen Victoria of Spain, considered the most beautiful Queen in Europe, has a decidedly long lower lip and it in no way seems to detract from her charm and beauty. Opposites, they say, attract, and they also say that the marriage of the King of Spain and the English Princess who became his Queen was truly a love match. However, both Alphonso and Victoria belong to the same type as far as lower lips are concerned, for the Spanish King possesses the amazingly long and heavy lower lip that is a peculiarity of the royal house to which he belongs.

Galli Curci, you will notice, has rather more than the average length in that feature while Margaret Anglin and a half dozen other distinguished actresses have lower lips as dainty and short as any that ever graced the cover of a popular magazine.

Next Week: Are Your Cheekbones Prominent?

Taste is a matter of tobacco quality

We state it as our honest belief that the tobaccos used in Chesterfield are of finer quality (and hence of better taste) than in any other cigarette at the price.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended

"They Satisfy"

A Page for the Woman in the Home

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

APRIL FIRST! May each of you be fooled in a desirable way, today. And I am looking forward to a great many letters from people who have not as yet written me, telling me of pleasant suprises that came to them on April First.

Today I was forced to think of the subject of "misunderstandings." The reason for all the misunderstandings in the world was brought so forcibly to me in a concert hall last night where there was a violin contest. There were any number of young men contestants and two girl contestants. While the audience and contestants were awaiting the judges' decision, a young couple behind me got to speculating.

"I think the little girl will win first place," remarked the young woman.

"Oh, the big one has got it all over her," the husband argued.

"But the little one played with such sureness! Such dash!"

"Why Marie! I didn't realize you were as unmusical as that! Any one will tell you that the little one almost hesitated several times, and she lacked a musical instinct completely!"

One word led to another until a frigid silence separated the sworn mates.

The decision came. It was in favor of Lillian Churchill, who played last.

"See!" exclaimed both husband and wife at once By "little," the wife meant "thin" and the husband meant "short." One contestant was short and large around; the other was a bit taller but slim. The husband meant the fat, short one when he spoke of the "little" one. But the wife meant the taller, slender and slightly built girl. In fact they both had chosen the same winner but did not know it.

So, you see, both the husband and the wife were right. And I believe that ninety-nine per cent of the world's misunderstandings are really and in truth, really pure misunderstandings. I believe that in almost all arguments it could be found that both sides are in the right; that it's a case of one calling a measure a bushel and the other calling a measure a pint. One argues the market price of a measure is thus and the other argues it cannot be thus and in the final analysis, they are not talking about the same kind of measure at all.

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S DINNER

BREAKFAST.

Sliced Oranges
Cereal and Cream
Omelet Toast
Coffee or Milk

DINNER.

Vegetable Soup
Leg of Lamb Currant Jelly
Creamed Cauliflower Browned Potatoes
Angel Charlotte

SUPPER.

Vegetable Salad
Bread and Butter
Almond Blanc Mange

Sliced Oranges.

Remove the skin from an orange without pulling it apart. Then slice it in medium thick slices and serve it in the shape of the whole orange.

Angel Charlotte.

Cut a hole in the center of an angel cake appreciably larger than the pan leaves it. Then add one cup of whipped cream, a teaspoonful of finely chopped walnuts, a dozen maraschino cherries, and a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Fill the center of the cake, heaping more whipped cream on top and ornamenting with cherries.

Almond Blanc Mange.

Heat a quart of milk in a double boiler, sweeten to taste, and thicken with the well beaten yolks of four eggs. Add half a package of gelatine which has been soaked and dissolved, and half a cupful of almond paste. Mix thoroly, mold, chill and serve with whipped cream.

Washing Pink Goods.

WHEN washing pink cotton goods the color may be made fast by using "red" instead of bluing. Boil a piece of Turkey red in a pint of water. Bottle this and use it like liquid blue, experimenting with a little at a time until the right tint is secured.

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

AIRING YOUR HOUSE

THE old-fashioned idea was that every one ought to open his windows in the morning to air the room in which he had been sleeping, and young housewives were taught the importance of a thoro airing of their houses every morning. Now, of course, the thing we do when we get up in the morning is to close the windows that have been open in our bedrooms all night. The open bedroom windows usually manage to air the entire house and to cool it so that the first thing we think of in the morning is to try and get the house back to a comfortable temperature. In the houses of well-bred people even, there used to be a staleness about the atmosphere that is unknown in any houses save those of the most ignorant people nowadays.

But in spite of the nightly airing that our houses get, there is still wisdom in giving your house a thoro airing every morning. It seems hard to believe, but it is easier to heat a house that has been treated to a good air bath than the house that has not been aired.

Don't have the fresh air come in gradually, either. Select some time when no one has to be sitting in the living-rooms—preferably in the morning sometime—and open several windows, wide, even if it is very cold weather. Let the wind blow thru your rooms if it is a windy day. Don't be alarmed if the rooms become very cold, for a little while. As soon as you feel that the old air has been expelled by the new, close the windows and turn on the heat full tilt for a little time. You will see that your rooms will be perfectly comfortable within a very short time, and the atmosphere will be vastly more agreeable.

Houses that are aired in this way seldom take on the peculiarities of odor that attach themselves to many houses and would make it possible for us to recognize certain houses by their scent alone if in no other way.

Spring Hosiery Is Sheer.

NEVER before has black silk hosiery had such close rivalry for popularity as the neutral color will give it this spring. Beige, sand, nude, taupe and gray will be seen nearly as often as black, and the lighter color is typical of spring. The sheer chiffon stocking will continue in such great demand that a fine, even mesh net will also be used to supply milady with gauze silk stockings.

Baked Eggs.

BEAT the white of an egg till very stiff and fluffy. Place on a slice of toasted bread and take the yolk of the egg which has not been broken and drop in center of the stiffly beaten white. Place in hot oven a few moments to brown. Serve with bacon.

Girl's Tweed Suits.

TWEED in heather and various other mixtures has been found desirable material for dresses and suits for girls of 6 to 10 or 12 years. The dresses are often trimmed with pipings of appliqued motifs of bright-colored broadcloth. Vestee, collar and cuffs of the plain material in vivid tones complete the little two-piece suits.

For a Tiny Tot.

A SMART and dainty frock for a 2 or 3 year old child, recently seen, was of bright yellow organdy, cut on straight lines, of the chemise type and trimmed about the neck and short sleeves with a ruffle of white organdy. A little ruffle of white also extended down the front of the dress almost to the waistline, concealing the buttons and buttonholes.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

AS YOU DRESS YOUR CHILDREN

DID it ever occur to you that it is a manifestation of really bad form to dress your sons and daughters like their elders when they are still children? To be sure little Betty wants to carry a beaded bag and Tommy wants to have neckties like father's and he wants to wear woolen suits as much as possible resembling those his father wears. But that is no reason why they need wear these things—any more than the fact that they want to eat plum pudding and cucumber pickles is any reason why you would let them have those delicacies.

Historically speaking, it is rather a new idea to dress children like children. Up to about 1780—one hundred and forty years ago—children were dressed as much as possible like their elders. Boys of wealthy or aristocratic families went about with their hair curled and powdered and little girls wore skirts that were quite long and were laced into tight stays that made it difficult for them to breathe freely, much less to romp and play as children do nowadays. The only reason why children in humbler circumstances dressed more simply and more comfortably was because their parents did likewise, and a poor man could not afford to have his sons' hair powdered and curled or to buy stays and hoops for his little girls.

The feeling against this mode of dressing children had its rise in England, and England still leads in this matter of sane dressing for children. Mothers and fathers who want their little boys dressed comfortably and at the same time with distinction usually follow the English modes, selecting for boys over 8 or 9 the suit that is worn with an Eton collar, rather than a suit that resembles an adult man's.

While the vogue for short skirts and loose clothes for women lasts it is rather difficult to dress little girls quite differently from grown women, but that is not because children's clothes have encroached on those of women's. But little girls' accessories should be of the simplest and most durable. Mothers of the best taste do not permit their little girls to go with silk stockings or lace-trimmed handkerchiefs.

These Talks on Etiquette Appear Each Week in the Ledger.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

CLARA

CLARA, it may be readily surmised by any one familiar with Latin, is derived from the adjective meaning bright, clear, or famous. As a musical and ever-charming feminine name, it has kept its significance, tho the steps of its history are many and devious.

The Romans used the name Clarus as a masculine name, and its vogue spread in Europe. St. Clarus is revered as the first Bishop of Nantes in Brittany in A. D. 280. Another Clarus, a native of Rochester, was a hermit near Rouen, who was murdered at the instigation of a wicked woman who had vainly paid her addresses to him. The name then changed to Clair and, combined with a "Saint," named two of the most noted families in the history of Great Britain, besides the various "de St. Clairs" of France. In Britain, it was speedily contracted to Sinclair, and subsequently as Clare, named the County Clare of Ireland, a tract of land presented by Edward I. as a wedding present to the son of the famous Red de Clare.

Spanish lore has it that the first Clara known to history was the daughter of Charlemagne, but the real origin seems to have been in Italy, where the first Chiara, as the Italians call her, was a devoted disciple of St. Francis, and under his direction established an order of women following his rule and called "poor Clares," or sisters of St. Clara. The French call the name Claire. The Breton form is Skleara, and Finns have contracted it to Lara.

Clara and its derivatives have been a favorite with the poets whose verse to the lovely maids who have borne the name are almost too numerous and exquisite to permit the selection of one. Tennyson has perhaps written the most charming lyric around the name; every one is familiar with his "Lady Clare."

If Clara would have the fullest benefits from the name she bears, she must wear the talismanic jewel, the carnelian. This warm-colored stone supplies the contrast to the rather chill haughty beauty associated with the name. A carnelian gives courage to its wearer and is especially to be desired by one who uses her voice as singer or public speaker, as it insures strength of vocal organs. Furthermore, it protects its wearer from injury, tho to dream of it signifies impending misfortune. Tuesday is Clara's lucky day and 5 her fortunate number.

Next Week: EVANGELINE. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 9 and 26

In Which Kirby and Jack Cunningham Lock Horns With a Vengeance

Tangled Trails

By William MacLeod Raine

CHAPTER XXX (Continued.).

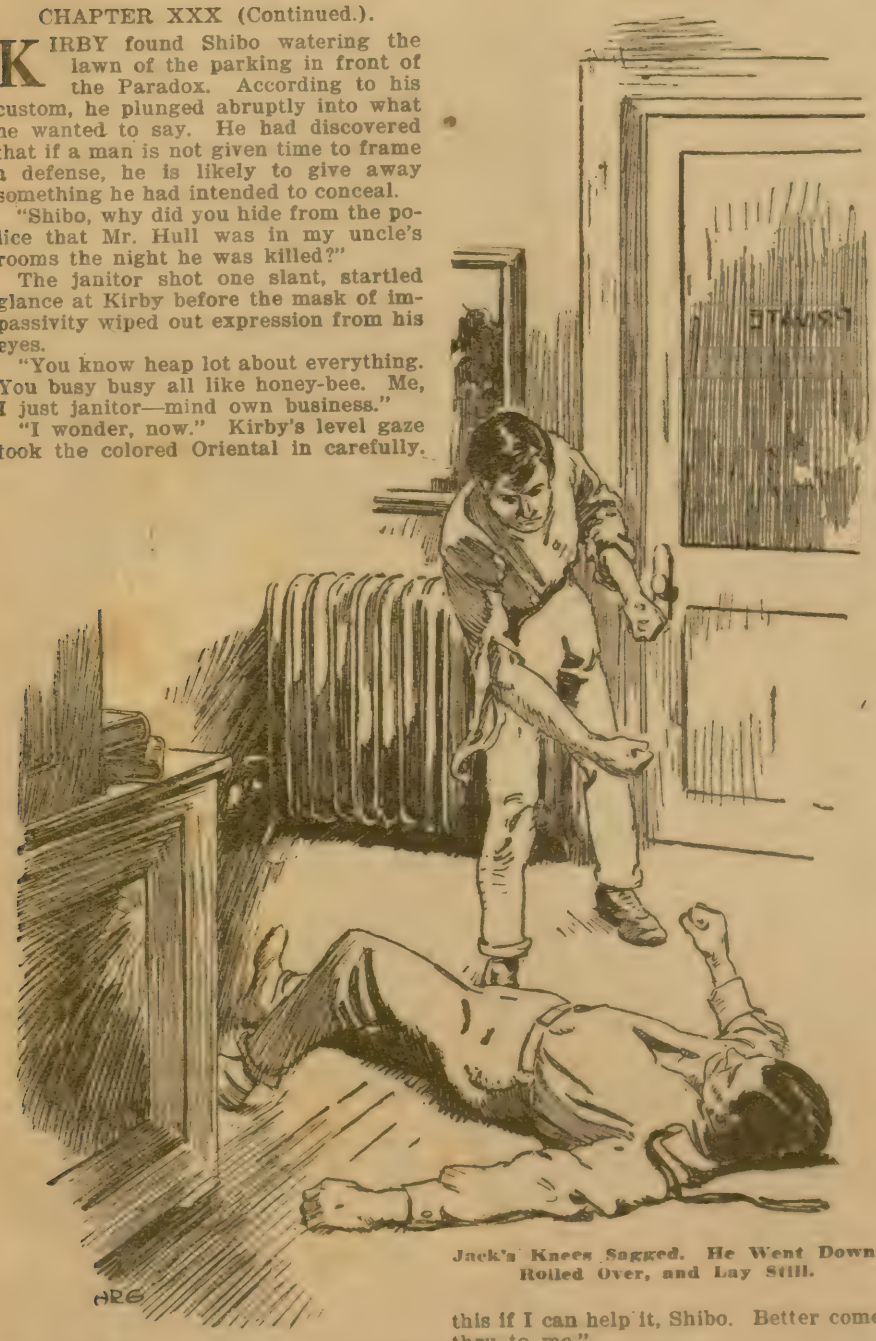
KIRBY found Shibo watering the lawn of the parking in front of the Paradox. According to his custom, he plunged abruptly into what he wanted to say. He had discovered that if a man is not given time to frame a defense, he is likely to give away something he had intended to conceal.

"Shibo, why did you hide from the police that Mr. Hull was in my uncle's rooms the night he was killed?"

The janitor shot one slant, startled glance at Kirby before the mask of impassivity wiped out expression from his eyes.

"You know heap lot about everything. You busy busy all like honey-bee. Me, I just janitor—mind own business."

"I wonder, now." Kirby's level gaze took the colored Oriental in carefully.



Jack's Knees Sagged. He Went Down, Rolled Over, and Lay Still.

Was he as simple as he wanted to appear?

"No talk when not have anything to tell." Shibo moved the sprinkler to another part of the lawn.

Kirby followed him. He had a capacity for patience.

"Did Mr. Hull ask you not to tell about him?"

Shibo said nothing, but he said it with indignant eloquence.

"Did he give you money not to tell? I don't want to go to the police with this if I can help it, Shibo. Better come thru to me."

"You go police an' say I know who make Mr. Cunningham dead?"

"If I have to."

The janitor had no more remarks to make. He lapsed into an angry, stubborn silence. For nearly half an hour Kirby stayed by his side. The cattleman asked questions. He suggested that, of course, the police would soon find out the facts after he went to them. He even went beyond his brief and implied that shortly Shibo would be occupying a barred cell.

But the little brown man from the Orient contributed no more to the talk.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE MASK OF THE RED BANDANNA.

IT HAD come by special delivery, an ill-written little note scrawled on cheap ruled paper torn from a tablet.

> If you want to know who killed Cunningham i can tell you. Meet me at the Denmark Bilding, room 419, at eleven tonight. Come alone.
>
> ONE WHO KNOWS.

Kirby studied the invitation carefully. Was it genuine? Or was it a plant? He was no handwriting expert, but he had a feeling that it was a disguised script. There is an inimitable looseness of design in the chirography of an illiterate person. He did not find here the awkwardness of the inexpert; rather the elaborate imitation of an amateur ignoramus. Yet he was not sure. He could give no definite reason for this fancy.

And in the end he tossed it overboard. He would keep the appointment and see what came of it. Moreover, he would keep it alone—except for a friend hanging under the left arm at his side. Kirby had brought no revolver with him to Denver. Occasionally he carried one on the range to frighten coyotes and to kill rattlers. But he knew where he could borrow one, and he proceeded to do so.

Not that there was any danger in meeting the unknown correspondent. Kirby did not admit that for a moment. There are people so constituted that they revel in the mysterious. They wrap their most common actions in hints of reserve and weighty silence. Perhaps this man was one of them. There was no danger whatever. Nobody had any reason to wish him seriously ill. Yet Kirby took a .45 with him when he set out for the Denmark Building. He did it because that strange sixth sense of his had warned him to do so.

During the day he had examined the setting for the night's adventure. He had been to the Denmark Building and scanned it inside and out. He had gone up to the fourth floor and looked at the exterior of room 419. The office door had printed on it this design:

THE GOLD HILL MILLING & MINING COMPANY.

But when Kirby tried the door he found it locked.

The Denmark Building is a little out of the heart of the Denver business district. It was built far uptown at a time when real estate was booming. Adjoining it is the Rockford Building. The two dominate a neighborhood of squat two-story stores and rooming-houses. In dull seasons the offices in the two big landmarks are not always filled with tenants.

The elevators in the Denmark had ceased running hours since. Kirby took the narrow stairs which wound round the elevator shaft. He trod the iron treads very slowly, very softly. He had no wish to advertise his presence. If there was to be any explosive surprise, he did not want to be at the receiving end of it.

He reached the second story, crossed the landing, and began the next flight. The place was dark as a midnight pit. At the third floor its blackness was relieved slightly by a ray of light from a transom far down the corridor.

Kirby waited to listen. He heard no faintest sound to break the stillness. Again his foot found the lowest tread and he crept upward. In the daytime he had laughed at the caution which had led him to borrow a weapon from an acquaintance at the stockyards. But now every sense shouted danger. He would not go back, but each forward step was taken with infinite care.

And his care availed him nothing. A lifted foot struck an empty soap box with a clatter to wake the seven sleepers. Instantly he knew it had been put there for him to stumble over. A strong searchlight flooded the stairs and focused on him. He caught a momentary glimpse of a featureless face standing out above the light—a face that was nothing but a red bandanna handkerchief with slits in it for eyes—and of a pair of feet below at the top of the stairway. The searchlight winked out. There was a flash of lightning and a crash of thunder. A second time the pocket flash found Kirby. It found him crouched low and reaching for the .45 under his arm. The booming of the revolver above reverberated down the pit of the stairway.

Arrow-swift, with the lithe ease of a wild thing from the forest, Kirby ducked round the corner for safety. He did not wait there, but took the stairs down three at a stride. Not till he had reached the ground floor did he stop to listen for the pursuit.

No sound of following footsteps came to him. By some miracle of good luck he had escaped the ambush. It was characteristic of him that he did not fly wildly into the night. His brain functioned normally, coolly. Whoever it was had led him into the trap had lost his chance. Kirby reasoned that the assassin's mind would be bent on making his own safe escape before the police arrived.

The cattleman, crouched behind an outjutting pillar in the wall of the entrance. Every minute he expected to

Read This First

It came to light that Cunningham, Sr., left a new, unsigned will which made Jack heir to his uncle's entire fortune. Had the banker signed the will James, Jr., would have been disinherited. As it now stood, James, Jr., and Jack were joint heirs to the vast estate. Kirby now accused James, Jr., of being in his uncle's room on the night of the murder. Nor did the young ranchman let up on the Hulls. His frequent quizzing of the strange couple kept them in a highly nervous state.

Kirby received an anonymous note, telling him to come to the Denmark Building, room 419, if he wanted to know who killed the banker. He went there and a man masked with a red bandanna flashed an electric torch from the top of a flight of stairs and took a shot at him with a noisy revolver, missing him. Meanwhile no trace of Esther, altho Sanborn was keeping up his search in the surrounding country.

This story began in No. 7, the Ledger for Feb. 18. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

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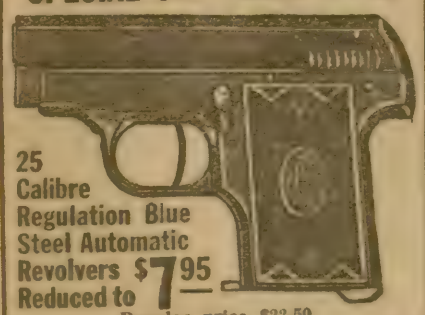

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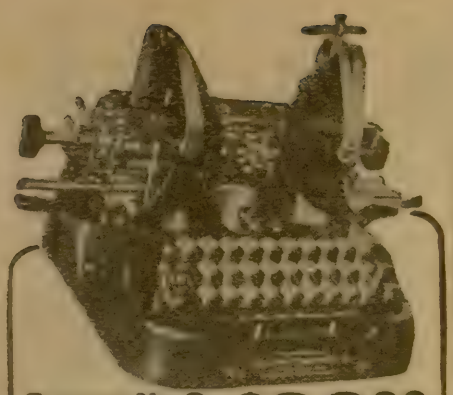

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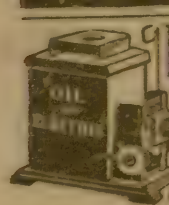

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see a furtive figure sneak past him into the street. His hopes were disappointed. It was nearly midnight when two men, talking cheerfully of the last gusher in the Burkburnett field, emerged from the stairway and passed into the street. They were tenants who had stayed late to do some unfinished business.

There was a drug store in the building, cornering on two streets. Kirby stepped into it and asked a question of the clerk at the prescription desk.

"Is there more than one entrance to the Denmark Building?"

"No, sir." The clerk corrected himself. "Well, there's another way out. The Producers & Developers Shale & Oil Company have a suite of offices that run into the Rockford Building. They've built an alley to connect between the two buildings. It's on the fifth floor."

"Is it open? Could a man get out of the Denmark Building now by way of the Rockford entrance?"

"Easiest in the world. All he'd have to do would be to cross the alley bridge, go down the Rockford stairs, and walk into the street."

Kirby wasted no more time. He knew that the man who had tried to murder him had long since made good his getaway by means of the fifth-story bridge between the buildings.

As he walked back to the hotel where he was stopping his eyes and ears were busy. He took no dark-alley chances, but headed for the bright lights of the main streets where he would be safe from any possibility of a second ambush.

His brain was as busy as his eyes. Who had planned this attempt on his life and so nearly carried it to success? Of one thing he was sure. The assassin who had flung the shots at him down the narrow stairway of the Denmark was the one who had murdered his uncle. The motive for the ambuscade was fear. Kirby was too hot on the trail that might send him to the gallows. The man had decided to play safe by following the old story that dead men tell no tales.

CHAPTER XXXII.

JACK TAKES OFF HIS COAT.

AFTERWARD, when Kirby Lane looked back upon the weeks spent in Denver trying to clear up the mysteries which surrounded the whole affair of his uncle's death, it seemed to him that he had been at times incredibly stupid. Nowhere did this accent itself so much as in that part of the tangle which related to Esther McLean.

From time to time Kirby saw Cole. He was in and out of town. Most of his time was spent running down faint trails which spun themselves out and became lost in the hills. The champion rough rider was indomitably resolute in his intention of finding her. There were times when Rose began to fear that her little sister was lost to her for always. But Sanborn never shared this feeling.

"You wait. I'll find her," he promised. "An' if I can lay my hands on the man that's done her a meanness, I'll certainly give them hospital sharks a job patchin' him up." His gentle eyes had frozen, and the cold, hard light in them was almost deadly.

Kirby could not get it out of his head that James was responsible for the disappearance of the girl. Yet he could not find a motive that would justify so much trouble on his cousin's part.

He was at a moving picture house on Curtis street with Rose when the explanation popped into his mind. They were watching an old-fashioned melodrama in which the villain's letter is laid at the door of the unfortunate hero.

Kirby leaned toward Rose in the darkness and whispered, "Let's go."

"Go where?" she wanted to know in surprise. They had seated themselves not five minutes before.

"I've got a hunch. Come."

She rose, and on the way to the aisle brushed past several irritated ladies. Not till they were standing on the sidewalk outside did he tell her what was on his mind.

"I want to see that note from my uncle you found in your sister's desk," he said.

She looked at him and laughed a little. "You certainly want what you want when you want it! Do your hunches often take you like that—right out of a perfectly good show you've paid your money to see?"

"We've made a mistake. It was seein' that fellow in the play that put me wise. Have you got the note with you?"

"No. It's at home. If you like we'll go and get it."

They walked up to the Pioneers' Monument and from there over to her boarding-place.

Kirby looked the little note over carefully. "What a chump I was not to look at this before," he said. "My uncle never wrote it."

"Never wrote it?"

"Not his writin' a-tall."

"Then whose is it?"

"I can make a darn good guess. Can't you?"

She looked at him, eyes dilated, on the verge of a discovery. "You mean——?"

"I mean that J. C. might stand for at least two other men we know."

"Your cousin James?"

"More likely Jack."

His mind beat back to fugitive memories of Jack's embarrassment when Esther's name had been mentioned in connection with his uncle. Swiftly his brain began to piece the bits of evidence he had not understood the meaning of before.

"Jack's the man. You may depend on it. My uncle hadn't anything to do with it. We jumped at that conclusion too quick," he went on.

"You think that she's—with him?"

"No. She's likely out in the country or in some small town. He's havin' her looked after. Probably an attack of conscience. Even if he's selfish as the devil, he isn't heartless."

"If we could be sure she's all right. But we can't." Rose turned on him a wistful face, twisted by emotion. "I want to find her, Kirby. I'm her sister. She's all I've got. Can't you do something?"

"I'll try."

She noticed the hardening of the lean jaw, the tightening of the muscles as the back teeth clinched.

"Don't—don't do anything—rash," she begged.

Her hand rested lightly on his arm. Their eyes met. He smiled grimly.

"Don't worry. Mebbe I'll call you up later tonight and report progress."

He walked to the nearest drug store and used the telephone freely. At the end of fifteen minutes he stepped out of the booth. His cousin Jack was doing some evening work at the offices where he was now in charge of settling up his uncle's affairs.

Kirby found him there. A man stenographer was putting on his coat to leave, but Jack was still at his desk. He looked up, annoyed.

"Was that you telephoned me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I told you I'd let you know when I wanted to see you."

"So you did. But you didn't let me know. The shoe's on the other foot now. I want to see you."

"I'm not interested in anything you have to say."

The stenographer had gone. Kirby could hear his footsteps echoing down the corridor. He threw the catch of the lock and closed the door.

"I CAN promise to keep you interested," said Kirby, very quietly.

Jack rose. He wore white shoes, duck trousers, a white pique shirt, and a blue serge coat that fitted his graceful figure perfectly. "What did you do that for?" he demanded. "Open that door."

"Not just yet, Jack. I've come for a settlement. It's up to you to say what kind of a one it'll be."

Cunningham's dark eyes glittered. He was no physical coward. Moreover, he was a trained athlete, not long out of college. He had been the middleweight champion boxer of the university. If this tough brown cousin wanted a set-to, he would not have to ask twice for it.

"Suits me fine," he said. "What's your proposition?"

"I've been a blind idiot. Didn't see what was right before my eyes. I reckon you've had some laughs at me. Well, I hope you enjoyed 'em. There aren't any more grins comin' to you." Kirby spoke coldly, implacably, his voice grating like steel on steel."

"Meaning, in plain English?"

"That you've let a dead man's shoulders carry your sins. You heard us blame Uncle James for Esther McLean's trouble. An' you never said a word to set us right. Yet you're the man, you damned scoundrel!"

Jack went white to the lips, then flushed angrily. "You can't ever mind your own business, can you?"

"I want just two things from you. The first is, to know where you've taken her; the second, to tell you that you're goin' to make this right an' see that you do it."

"When you talk to me like that I've nothing to say. No man living can bully me."

"You won't come thru. Is that it?"

"You may go to the devil for all of me."

Their stormy eyes clashed.

"The girl you took advantage of hasn't any brother," the Wyoming man said. "I'm electin' myself to that job for a while. If I can I'm goin' to whale the life outa you."

Jack slipped out of his coat and tossed it on the desk. Even in that moment, while Kirby was concentrating for the attack, the rough-rider found time to regret that so good-looking a youth, one so gallantly poised and so gracefully graceless, should be a black-hearted scamp.

"Hop to it!" invited the college man. Under thick dark lashes his black eyes danced with excitement.

Kirby lashed out with his right, hard and straight. His cousin ducked with the easy grace of a man who has spent many hours on a ballroom floor. The cattleman struck again. Jack caught the blow and deflected it, at the same time uppercutting swiftly for the chin. The counter landed flush on Kirby's cheek and flung him back to the wall.

He grinned, and plunged again. A driving left caught him off balance and flung him from his feet. He was up again instantly, shaking his head to clear it of the dizziness that sang there.

It came to him that he must use his brains against this expert boxer or suffer a knockout. He must wear Jack out, let him spend his strength in attack, watch for the chance that was bound to come if he could weather the storm long enough.

Not at all loath, Jack took the offensive. He went to work coolly to put out his foe. He landed three for one, timing and placing his blows carefully to get the maximum effect. A second time Kirby hit the floor.

Jack hoped he would stay down. The clubman was a little out of condition. He was beginning to breathe fast. His cousin had landed hard two or there times on the body. Back of each of these blows there had been a punishing force. Cunningham knew he had to win soon if at all.

But Kirby had not the least intention of quitting. He was the tough product of wind and sun and hard work. He bored in and asked for more, still playing for his opponent's wind. Kirby knew he was the stronger man, in far better condition. He could afford to wait—and Jack could not. He killed the boxer's attacks with deadly counter-blows, moving in and out lithely as a cat.

The rough-rider landed close to the solar plexus. Jack winced and gave ground. Kirby's fist got home again. He crowded Jack, feeling that his man was weakening.

Jack rallied for one last desperate set-to, hoping for a chance blow to knock Kirby out. He scored a dozen times. Lane gave ground, slowly, watchfully, guarding as best he could.

Then his brown fist shot out and up. It moved scarcely six inches, straight for the college boxer's chin. Jack's knees sagged. He went down, rolled over, and lay still.

Kirby found water and brought it back. Jack was sitting up, his back propped against the wall. He swallowed a gulp or two and splashed the rest on his face.

"I'll say you can hit like the kick of a mule," he said. "If you'd been a reasonable human, I ought to have got you, at that. Don't you ever stay down?"

Kirby could not repress a little smile. In spite of himself he felt a sneaking admiration for this insouciant youth who could take a beating like a sportsman.

"You're some little mixer yourself," he said.

"Thought I was, before I bumped into you. Say, gimme a hand up. I'm a bit groggy yet."

Kirby helped him to his feet. The immaculate shirt and trousers were spattered with blood, mostly Kirby's. The young dandy looked at himself, and a humorous quirk twitched at the corner of his mouth.

"Some scrap. Let's go into the lavatory and do some construction work," he said.

Side by side, at adjoining washbowls, perfectly amicably, they repaired as far as possible the damages of war. Not till they had put on again their coats did Kirby hark back to the purpose of the meeting.

"You haven't told me what I want to know."

Out of a damaged eye Jack looked at him evenly. "And that's only part of it. I'm not going to, either."

He had said the last word. Kirby could not begin all over again and thrash him. It was not reasonable. And if he did, he knew quite well he would get nothing out of the man. If he would not talk, he would not.

The broncho-buster walked back to his hotel. A special-delivery letter was in his box. It was postmarked Golden. As he handed it to him the clerk looked him over curiously. It had been some time since he had seen a face so badly cut up and swollen.

"You ought to see the other fellow," Kirby told him with a lop-sided grin as

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he ripped open the envelope.

Before his eyes had traveled halfway down the sheet the cowman gave a modulated whoop of joy.

"Good news?" asked the clerk.

Kirby did not answer. His eyes were staring in blank astonishment at one sentence in the letter. The note was from Cole Sanborn. This is what Kirby read in it:

Well, old-timer, there ain't no trail so blamed long but what its got a turn in it somewhere. I done found Esther up Platte Canyon and everythings O K as you might say. I reckon you are wondering howcome this to be postmarked Golden. Well, old pardner, Im sure enough married at last but I had a great time getting Esther to see this my way. Shes one swell little girl and theres only one thing I hate. Before she would marry me I had to swear up and down I wouldnt touch the yellow wolf who got her into trouble. But she didnt say nothing about you so I will just slip you his name. It wasnt your uncle at all but that crooked oil broker nephew of his James Cunningham. If you can muss him up proper for me you'll sure be doing a favor to

yours respectably
COLE SANBORN.

P.S. Esther sends bushels of love to Rose and will write to-morrow. I'll say Im going to make her one happy kid.

COLE.

Kirby laughed in sardonic mirth. He had fought the wrong man.

It was James Cunningham, not Jack. And, of course, Jack had known it all the time and been embarrassed by it. He had stuck loyally to his brother and had taken the whaling of his life rather than betray him.

Kirby took off his hat to Jack. He had stood pat to a fighting finish. He was one good square sport.

Even as he was thinking this, Kirby was moving toward the telephone booth. He had promised to report progress. For once he had considerable to report.

CHAPTER XXXIII.
OLSON TELLS A STORY.

WHEN Rose heard from Esther next day she and Kirby took the Interurban for Golden. Esther had written that she wanted to see her sister because Cole was going to take her back to Wyoming at once.

The sisters wept in each other's arms and then passed together into Esther's bedroom for an intimate talk. The younger sister was still happy only in moments of forgetfulness, tho she had been rescued from death in life. Cole had found her comfortably situated at a farmhouse a mile or two back from the canyon. She had gone there under the urge of her need, at the instigation of James Cunningham, who could not afford to have the scandal of his relations with her become public at the same time as the announcement of his marriage to Phyllis Harriman. The girl loved Cole and trusted him. Her heart went out to him in a warm glow of gratitude. But the shadow of her fault was a barrier in her mind between them, and would be long after his kindness had melted the ice in her bosom.

"We've got it all fixed up to tell how we was married when I come down to Denver last April only we kep' it quiet because she wanted to hold her job awhile," Cole explained to his friend. "Onct I get her back there in God's hills she'll sure enough forget all about this trouble. The way I look at it she was jus' like a li'l' kid that takes a mis-step in the dark an' falls an' hurts itself. You know how a wounded deer can look at a fellow so sorrowful an' hurt. Well, tha' 's how her brown eyes looked at me when I come round the corner o' the house up Platte Canyon an' seen her sittin' there starin' at hell."

Kirby shook hands with him in a sudden stress of emotion. "You'll do to take along, old alkali, you sure enough will."

"Oh, shucks!" retorted Cole, between disgust and embarrassment. "I always claimed to be a white man, didn't I? You can't give a fellow credit for doin' the thing he'd rather do than anything else. But prod a peg in this: I'm gonna make that li'l' girl plumb happy. She thinks she won't be, that she's lost the right to be. She's 'way off. I can see her perkin' up already. I got a real honest-to-God laugh outa her this mo'nin'."

Kirby knew the patience, the steadiness, and the kindliness of his friend. Esther had fallen into the best of hands. She would find again the joy of life. He had no doubt of that. Gayety and laughter were of her heritage.

He said as much to Rose on the way home. She agreed. For the first time since she left Cheyenne the girl was her old self. Esther's problem had been solved far more happily than she had dared to hope.

"I'm goin' to have a gay time apologizin' to Jack," said Kirby, his eyes dancing. "It's not so blamed funny at that, but I can't help laughin' every time I think of how he must 'a' been grinnin' up his sleeve at me for my fool mistake. I'll say he brought it on himself, tho. He was feelin' guilty on his brother's account, an' I didn't get his embarrassment right. James is a pretty cool customer. From first to last he never turned a hair when the subject was mentioned."

"What about him?" Rose asked.

The cattleman pretended alarm. "Now, don't you," he remonstrated. "Don't you expect me to manhandle James, too. I'm like Napoleon. Another victory like the battle of last night would sure put me in the hospital. I'm a peaceable citizen, a poor, lone cowboy far away from home. Where I come from it's as quiet as a peace conference. This wildest-Denver stuff gets my nerve."

She smiled into his battered face. A dimple nestled in her soft, warm cheek. "I see it does. It's a pity about you. I didn't suppose your cousin Jack had it in him to spoil your beauty like that."

"Neither did I," he said, answering her smile. "I sure picked on the wrong man. He's one handy lad with his dibs—put me down twice before we decided to call it off. I like that young fellow."

"Better not like him too much. You may have to work against him yet."

"True enough," he admitted, falling grave again. "As to James, we'll ride close herd on him for a while, but we'll ride wide. Looks to me like he may have to face a jury an' fight for his life right soon."

"Do you think he killed your uncle?"

"I don't want to think so. He's a bad egg, I'm afraid. But my father's sister was his mother. I'd hate to have to believe it."

"But in your heart you do believe it," she said gently.

He looked at her. "I'm afraid so. But that's a long way from knowing it."

They parted at her boarding-house.

A man rose to meet Kirby when he stepped into the rotunda of his hotel. He was a gaunt, broad-shouldered man with ragged eyebrows.

"Well, I came," he said, and his voice was harsh.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Olson. Come up to my room. We can talk there more freely."

The Scandinavian rancher followed him to the elevator and from there to his room.

"Why don't they arrest Hull?" he demanded as soon as the door was closed.

"Not evidence enough."

"Suppose I can give evidence. Say I practically saw Hull do it. Would they arrest him—or me?"

"They'd arrest him," Kirby answered. "They don't know you're the man who wrote the threatening letter."

"Hmp!" grunted the rancher suspiciously. "That's what you say, but you're not the whole works."

Kirby offered a chair and a cigar. He sat down on the bed himself. "Better spill your story to me, Olson. Two heads are better than one," he said carelessly.

The Swede's sullen eyes bored into him. Before that frank and engaging smile his doubts lost force. "I got to take a chance. Might as well be with you as any one."

The Wyoming man struck a match, held it for the use of his guest, then lit his own cigar. For a few moments they smoked in silence. Kirby leaned back easily against the head of the bed. He did not intend to frighten the rancher by hurrying him.

"WHEN Cunningham worked that crooked irrigation scheme of his on Dry Valley, I reckon I was one of them that hollered the loudest," said Olson in beginning his story. "Prob'ly I talked foolish about what all I was gonna do about it. I wasn't blowin' off hot air either. If I'd got a good chance at him, or at Hull either, I would surely have called for a showdown an' gunned him if I could. But that wasn't what I came to Denver for. I had to arrange about gettin' my mortgage renewed."

He stopped and took a nervous puff or two at the cigar. Kirby nodded in a friendly fashion without speaking. He did not want by anything he might say to divert the man's mind from the track it was following.

"I took a room at the Wyndham because the place had been recommended to me by a neighbor of mine who knew the landlady. When I went there I didn't know that either Cunningham or Hull lived next door. That's a God's truth. I didn't. Well, I saw Hull go in there the very day I got to town, but the first I knew yore uncle lived there was ten or maybe fifteen minutes before he was killed. I wouldn't say but what it was twenty minutes, come to that. I wasn't payin' no attention to time."

Olson's eyes challenged those of his host. His suspicion was still smoldering. An unhappy remark, a look of distrust, might still have dried up the stream of his story. But he found in that steady regard nothing more damnatory than a keen, boyish interest.

"Maybe you recollect how hot those days were. Well, in my cheap, stuffy room, openin' on an airshaft, it was hotter'n hell with the lid on. When I couldn't stand it any longer, I went out into the corridor an' down it to the fire-escape outside the window. It was a lot cooler there. I lit a stogie an' sat on the railin' smokin', maybe for a quarter of an hour.

By and by some one come into the apartment right across the alley from me. I could see the lights come on. It was a man. I saw him step into what must be the bedroom. He moved around there some. I couldn't tell what he was doin' because he didn't switch on the light, but he must 'a' been changin' to his easy coat and slippers. I know that because he came into the room just opposite the fire escape where I was sittin' on the rail. He threw on the lights, and I saw him plain. It was Cunningham, the old crook who had beat me outa fifteen hundred dollars."

Kirby smoked steadily, evenly. Not a flicker of the eyelids showed the excitement racing thru his blood. At last he was coming close to the heart of the mystery that surrounded the deaths of his uncle and his valet.

"I reckon I saw red for a minute," Olson continued. "If I'd been carryin' a gun I might 'a' used it right there an' then. But I hadn't one, lucky for me. He sat down in a big easy-chair an' took a paper from his pocket. It looked like some kind of a legal document. He read it thru, then stuck it in one o' the cubbyholes of his desk. I forgot to say he was smokin', an' not a stogie like I was, but a big cigar he'd unwrapped from silver paper after takin' it from a boxful."

"He lighted the cigar after coming into the small room," Kirby said, in the voice of a question.

"Yes. Didn't I say so? Took it from a box on a stand near the chair. Well, when he got thru with the paper he leaned back an' kinda shut his eyes like he was thinkin' somethin' over. All of a sudden I saw him straighten up an' get rigid. Before he could rise from the chair a woman came into the room an' after her a man.

"The man was Cass Hull."

CHAPTER XXXIV.
FROM THE FIRE ESCAPE.

"THE woman—what was she like?"

"She was tall an' thin an' flat-chested. I didn't know her at the time, but it must 'a' been Hull's wife."

"You said you didn't know what time this was," Kirby said.

"No. My old watch had quit doin' business an' I hated to spend the money to get it fixed. The mainspring was busted, a jeweler told me."

"Who spoke first after they came into the room?"

"Yore uncle. He laid the cigar down on the stand an' asked them what they wanted. He didn't rise from the chair, but his voice rasped when he spoke. It was the woman answered. She took the lead all thru. 'We've come for a settlement,' she said. 'An' we're goin' to have it right now.' He stiffened up at that. He come back at her with, 'You can't get no shotgun settlement outa me.' Words just poured from that woman's mouth. She roasted him to a turn, told how he was crooked as a dog's hind leg an' every deal he touched was dirty. Said he couldn't even be square to his own pardners, that he couldn't get a man, woman, or child in Colorado to say he'd ever done a good act. Believe me, she laid him out proper, an' every word of it was true, 'far as I know.

"Well, sir, that old reprobate uncle of yours never batted an eye. He slid down in his chair a little so's he could be comfortable while he listened. He grinned up at her like she was some kind of a specimen had broke loose from a circus an' he was interested in the way it acted. That didn't calm her down none. She rip-r'ared right along, with a steady flow of words, mostly adjectives. Finally she quit, an' she was plumb white with anger. 'Quite thru?' yore uncle asked with that ice-cold voice of his. She asked him what he intended to do about a settlement. 'Not a thing,' he told her. 'I did aim to give Hull two thousand to get rid of him. But I've changed my mind, ma'am. You can go whistle for it.'"

"Two thousand! Did he say two thousand?"

Kirby leaned forward eagerly.

"That's what he said. Two thousand," answered Olson.

"Then that explains why he drew so

(Continued on Page 25.)

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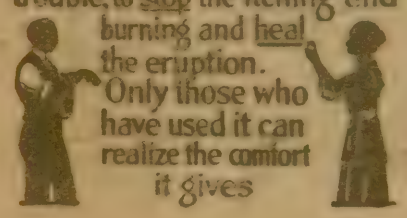

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PATHETIC CASE

THE story is told by a certain philanthropist, who is a man of big business as well, and who is noted for his sympathy for the "down and outer."

If possible, he will give any deserving applicant for work a chance to make good.

On one occasion it is stated that this gentleman was approached by an individual so utterly disreputable in appearance that any but the philanthropist himself would have had him ejected from the office.

"Can't you find any work at all?" asked the good-natured employer when he had heard the man's recital of his woes.

"I can find work all right," replied the man; "but everybody wants references from my last employer."

"And cannot you get these references from him?"

"No, sir. He's been dead for twenty-five years."

A Sensitive Bride.

"Mother."

"Yes, Ethel."

"Will you do something for me?"

"What is it?"

"I wish you would buy me a rolling-pin."

"Why don't you buy one yourself?"

"Oh, you know Jim and I have only been married a few weeks and the store man might think we were not getting along together."

Well Lighted Up.

Mrs. Hoyle—Do you have all the light that you need?

Mrs. Doyle—I should say we do; I belong to a sunshine society and my husband to a moonshine club.

Fulfilling Her Promise.

Mr. Proudfather—I tell you, my daughter has a voice that will be heard from. Don't you think so?

Mr. Knox—Sure! The neighbors are already complaining about it.

Why Fido Failed.

"Just think of it! That fellow came in and actually stole the clock right off the mantelpiece."

"And your dog was in the very room?"

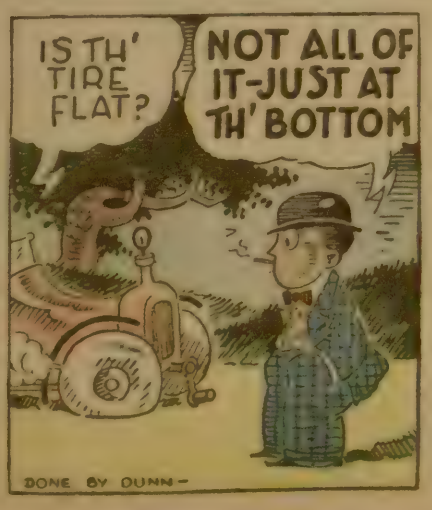
"Yes; but that doesn't count. Fido is only a watchdog, you know."

Smart Fellow.

"This clock will last a lifetime," said the jeweler, as he handed the timepiece to the customer.

"Nonsense," retorted the other. "Can't I see for myself that its hours are numbered?"

SOLID IVORY



Scorched Feet.

Satan (angrily)—What's the matter with that new arrival? He's bellowing loud enough to be heard clear across the brimstone lakes.

Imp—When he was on earth, sire, he went to revivals and got converted once or twice a year. He just now mistook a white-hot cinder path for a sawdust trail.

Gratitude.

"I would like to get off early this afternoon," said the clerk. "My wife wants me to do her shopping with her."

"Not possible," said the employer. "We're too busy."

"Thank you so much, sir."

Easier.

"Your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "your bullpup has gone and chawed up the court Bible."

"Well," grumbled his honor, "make the witness kiss the pup; we can't adjourn court to get a new Bible."

NOT SO AWFUL

A DEAF man was being married and the clergyman asked the unsual question: "Do you take this woman for your lawful wife?"

"Eh?" said the deaf man.

"Do you take this woman for your lawful wife?" This time a bit louder. The groom seemed to get angry.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "She ain't so awful. I've seen wuss than her that didn't have as much money."

What He Needed Most.

The worried countenance of the bridegroom at a Highland wedding disturbed the best man.

Tiptoeing nervously up the aisle, he whispered: "Why do ye look so doon-spirited, Jock? Has ye lost the ring?"

"No," blurted out the unhappy Jock. "But, mon, I've lost ma enthusiasm."

It Was This Way.

"Why is it," said the teacher to the new pupil, "that your name is Brown and your mother's name is Sycamore?"

"Well," explained the small girl, after a moment's thought, "you see, she married again and I didn't."

No Time to Think.

Said Dinah to her sweetheart: "Does yuh truly love me, Sam, or does youh just kind o' think yuh do?"

"I loves you, honey, all right, all right," answered Sambo. "I ain't done no thinkin' yet."

SAFETY FIRST.

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise;
He didn't introduce his girl
To any other guys.

There's a Difference.

Henry—Say, what's the best way to teach a girl to swim?

Arthur—That's a cinch. First, put your left arm around her waist, then gently take her left hand——

Henry—Oh, say, boy; she's my sister.

Arthur—Aw! Push her off the dock.

Improvement Noted.

"I'm improving in drawing, mother," said the little girl.

"Are you, dear? That's good?"

"Yes. I drawed a cake on my slate and brother guessed it was an oyster. He knew it was somethin' to eat, anyway. Didn't he?"

FIRE! FIRE!!

"PRETTY bad fire you had here last night," commented the recently arrived guest.

"Ehyah," replied the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "The fire company had it pretty nearly out, and then the mayor came and took personal charge of the conflagration, and yelled orders till he got the firemen so mixed up that they couldn't do anything. And I reckon if it hadn't begun to rain directly the whole dod-molested town would have been holocausted. But I s'pose it might have been worse."

"How could it have been worse?"

"Why, the Governor or a Congressman might have come and took charge instead of the mayor, and it might not have rained."

Another Witness to Martrymony.

It was during the impaneling of a jury in a New England town that the following colloquy occurred between the magistrate and a talesman:

"You are a property holder?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Married or single?"

"I have been married for five years, your honor."

"Have you formed or expressed any opinion?"

"Not for five years, your honor."

Birds of a Feather.

"What are you cutting out of the paper?" asked Jones.

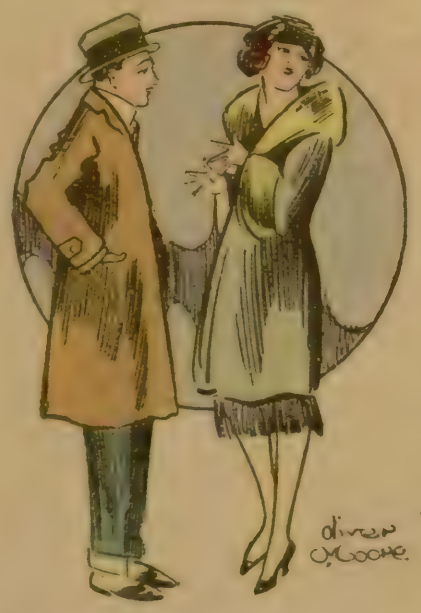
"A story about a robbery."

"What for?"

"Well, it explains at length how a house was robbed on a Sunday while the husband was in church with his wife. You——"

"I say," interrupted Jones, "have you got a duplicate of that paper?"

Polite, Indeed.



"Politest fellow I've ever seen."

"Yes; he even bows to the inevitable, I've heard."

Quite True.

Young Sailor—On my last voyage I saw waves forty feet high!

Old Salt—Get out! I was at sea for fifty years and never seen 'em that height.

Young Sailor—Well, things are higher now than they used to be!

Something in It.

Juliet—What's in a name?

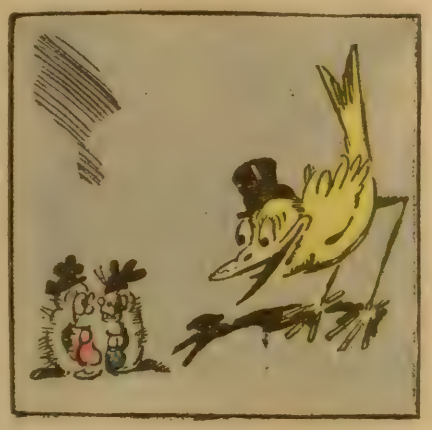
Romeo—Well, if you take mine you might get a good home out of it.

Another "I Got Mine" Hog.

Wedmore—What's the idea of giving your finacee a cigarette case? Does she smoke?

Gayboy—Oh, no, but she's just about due to break off and send my presents back, and that's one I can use myself.

Advice to Lady Worms.



"Don't gossip; it's dangerous."

His Craving.

Gentleman—So you are looking for a square meal, eh?

Tramp—No, I'm looking for a round one.

Gentleman—I never heard of such a thing. Pray what is a round meal?

Tramp—One that hasn't any end to it, sir.

A Family Chip.

"Now, children," said the Sunday school teacher, "can you tell me of a greater power than a king?"

"Yes, ma'am," cried a little boy eagerly.

"Very well, Willie, you may tell the class," replied the teacher benignly.

"An ace, ma'am," was the unexpected reply.

PALMISTRY

"DO YOU know anything about palmistry, Herbert?" she asked.

"Oh, not much," he answered, "altho I had an experience last night which might be considered a remarkable example of palmistry. I happened to glance at the hand of a friend, and I immediately predicted he would presently become the possessor of a considerable amount of money. Before he left the room he had a nice little sum handed to him."

"And you foretold that from his hand?"

"Yes, it had four aces in it."

Who Was He to Know?

"Where were you yesterday, Tommy Cribbs?" asked the teacher.

"Please, ma'am, I had a toothache," answered Tommy.

"Has it stopped?" asked the teacher sympathetically.

"I don't know," said Tommy.

"What do you mean, boy? You don't know if your tooth has stopped aching?"

"No, ma'am. The dentist kept it."

Right on Time.

"Mamie, how is it that some mornings the eggs are boiled hard and other mornings soft?"

Mamie—I don't know, ma'am. I puts them in when the clock strikes 8 and takes them out when the down trains goes by.

"WHAT'S THE USE!"

A POMPOUS man entered a restaurant and beckoned the waiter. "I want a chop," he said, importantly.

"Yessir," said the waiter.

"A lean mutton chop, waiter."

"Yessir," said the waiter.

"See that it is grilled over a quick fire. Tell them to have a piece of garlic placed on it for a few seconds."

"Yessir," said the waiter.

"And—waiter, I don't want any sauce or gravy with it. Just half grilled tomato. You understand?"

"Yessir," said the waiter.

"Perfectly?"

"Perfectly, sir," said the waiter, and moved away.

A moment later he reached the speaking tube.

"One mutt!" he bawled.

The Fog of Terror

(Continued From Page 4)

reading-glass, which he found in the room, Shumway discerned it was of strong linen texture; that it contained two faint fingerprints, and that the letter "Z" was roughly drawn with a soft black crayon.

And now the coroner, emptying Reeves' pockets, drew forth a second sheet of like description! This, too, was scrutinized by Shumway, who, unperceived, pinched off a corner that bore a thumb print and quietly concealed it in his hand.

Tantalized by the multiplicity of clews, he waited till the coroner's investigation was finished, and, discovering nothing further of note, he then returned to the drugstore.

The cashier had been searching her memory, and she now vaguely described to him a number of men to whom she had sold telephone slugs today. The proprietor supplied a description of others, whom he had seen in the store that afternoon and who, so he thought, had "acted suspiciously."

Shumway wrote down the salient points, tho he felt it was futile—like describing small objects lost in the sea.

* * * * * * *

The new musical show, which he had eagerly anticipated seeing that night, was, to Shumway and Katharine, a failure. In the circumstances, it could not have been otherwise.

Katharine's father, J. D. Hoyt, was president of the State Bank of Oakdale and a warm friend of the murdered Reeves; and the dinner-table talk in her home that evening, centering almost exclusively on the tragedy at the Second National, had not been conducive to joyousness.

Her mood, therefore, was dismal, and Shumway, unconsciously, contributed thereto. For the first time since she had known him, he was preoccupied in her presence and inattentive to her.

He was similarly heedless of the bright performance. Altho he stared steadily at the stage, his mind took no cognizance of what happened there. He was, in fact, completely buried in his thoughts and oblivious to everything around him.

Shumway's brain was working hard on a plan to trap the mysterious "Z." It was only a nebulous plan as yet, but——

Suddenly he rose, with a hasty apology, and went to the nearest telephone booth and called the city editor of the Morning Sun.

"Hello, McLaughlin? . . . Shumway talking. Want to ask a small favor. Just for my own information, would you mind telling me exactly what this anonymous bird, known as 'Z,' said 'to you over the 'phone this afternoon?"

"As nearly as I can remember," McLaughlin answered, "he said: 'This is Z speaking; I've just killed Reeves of the Second National.'"

"You sure he said nothing else?"

"Nothing else that I recall—No; wait a second now! He did say something else, at that. Something nutty, as I remember. Something about apple seeds, I think."

Shumway suppressed his swift throb of elation, and asked in a puzzled tone:

"Did you say 'apple seeds,' old man?"

"'Apple seeds' is what I said."

"What'd he say about apple seeds?"

"Can't remember his words exactly, but it was something about looking for apple seeds. He was clearly off his nut."

Further interrogation failing to elicit anything more definite, Shumway called the Morning Post. Randall, night city editor, possessed a better memory.

"I recall his words perfectly," said Randall. "'This is Z calling,' he said to me. 'I've just killed Reeves of the Second National. Look for the apple seeds.' What he meant by that last crack the Lord only knows! Have you any idea what he was driving at?"

Shumway answered evasively, and then 'phoned Pierce at his home.

"Why, yes," said Pierce, "now you remind me of it, he did say something about apple seeds, but I attached no particular importance to it. The fact is, when he mentioned killing Reeves I cut in with a question, and his chatter about apple seeds was lost. What do you see in it, Shumway? What's on your mind?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow," said Shumway, and returned to his seat in the theater(treading on air.

His plan was not so nebulous now as before. In fact, it was shaping itself beautifully in his mind. Wherefore was he jubilant.

When he sat down beside Katharine, however, he saw that no such joy was hers. The curtain was down and the lights were up, and she looked at him with disapproval.

"Where on earth have you been?" she asked, a touch of coolness in her voice. "You missed the best part of the first act."

"I don't care!" he answered lightly. "I'd far rather sit and talk with you."

"If you'll pardon my saying so, I think it's high time. You've pointedly ignored me the entire evening."

"I'll make up for it now," he promised, and reassuringly patted her hand. "From now on I shall devote myself to you exclusively."

Straightway he excluded all thought of the mystery, which hitherto had occupied his mind, and paid homage to her. And later, when they sat vis-a-vis at a charming after-theater supper in a sparkling restaurant, smiled into her starry eyes across the pink-shaded, lamplit table and wove a dream about her loveliness. Some day, he fondly whispered to himself, she would face him thus across the breakfast table! . . .

When at last he reached home, however, he put all such thoughts aside. It was nearly 2 o'clock when he let himself into his room—for the suburban town of Oakdale was a good twelve miles from his lodgings—but he did not immediately prepare for bed.

Instead, he closed and locked the door, lowered the window shades and attached a high-powered electric bulb to the reading-lamp on his table. He then brought forth the bit of red paper, and the apple core and seeds, and for upward of an hour studied them with a powerful microscope. Of particular interest to him were the teeth marks in the apple core and the thumb print on the paper.

When he turned out the light and got into bed he was well satisfied with his progress. His plan to capture "Z" seemed perfect.

IV.

HE WAS up before 7 o'clock, and thirty minutes later he occupied a stool in a lunchroom 'round the corner, simultaneously breakfasting and reading the morning newspapers.

The Reeves story, of course, had been "played up" heavily in the morning papers, and was liberally embellished with pictures of the slain banker and members of his family, photographs of the bank, more photographs of the coroner and detectives "searching for clews," and a diagram of the directors' room, with a maltese cross indicating the spot where the body was found. A perusal of the text, however, failed to disclose anything beyond what Shumway already knew.

At least one important thing—and this only contributed to the mystery—had been definitely established: Robbery was not the motive. Several hundred dollars in currency had been found on the dead man's body, and his costly gold watch, a pearl stickpin and other objects of considerable value were found intact.

But Shumway had already ascertained that the unknown murderer had stolen nothing; and last night, while studying the several peculiar phases of the crime, he had, he believed, discovered the thing that actuated it. Upon this thing he had decided to base his procedure today.

After breakfast he telephoned his office and said to Pierce:

"I'm working on the Reeves story. I've an idea of my own I'd like to follow up, if I can have two or three hours to do as I please. It may mean a big scoop for us, or it may mean nothing. I can't tell yet. Shall I go ahead?"

"Sure!" said the city editor, "but what is this idea, Shumway?"

"I'll tell you as soon as I get to the office—and I ought to be there before 11."

"All right; hop to it," said Pierce, and hung up the receiver.

Shumway then went to a large dental supply house and asked to see the proprietor.

"I'm from the Herald," he said to this gentleman, "and I want a good feature story on the newest discoveries in dentistry. I should particularly like to get the latest dope on bridgework, false teeth and dental surgery. Can you fix me up?"

"I can and will," said the beaming proprietor, clearly pleased by the prospect of free publicity. "We have a wonderful plant here, and I'll be glad to show you thru it."

"I'd rather not put you to so much trouble," protested Shumway, "but I should like to see the place where you make false teeth and have you explain how they are fitted to people's mouths."

"Delighted. We have a wonderful laboratory—biggest in the city. Step this way, please."

An hour had passed before Shumway emerged to the street again, but he felt that the hours had been well spent. He next called upon a noted fingerprint expert and interviewed him for thirty minutes, ostensibly for the purpose of writing a story concerning the various characteristics of thumbprints.

From there he went to a department store, where he bought a soft black crayon; and then he visited, in turn, three stationers, and tho he was unable to find exactly what he wanted—a bright red paper of stout linen texture—he found something that he thought might answer his purpose, a cherry-colored wrapping paper. He bought two pounds of this, then started for his office.

On his way there, he stopped at a fruit store and carefully selected and bought four apples of different sorts. At a second store he found two more varieties, unobtainable at the first place, and he bought one of each kind.

It was five minutes of eleven when he entered the local room of the Herald: and the incessant clatter of many typewriters, the scurrying copy boys, the industrious reporters, the nervous tension in the air, all were familiar signs to him of the home edition deadline. Placing his purchases in his locker, he walked toward the city desk, always the center of feverish activity when an edition was going to press.

Pierce was conferring with the make-up editor, and for the moment his desk was left in charge of Barker, his assistant. Barker was handling a steady stream of copy, which flowed from the machines of the three rewrite men and five reporters, and trying to answer two telephones at once. He nodded toward the third phone as Shumway stopped beside the desk.

"Answer that, will you, Shumway?"

Shumway picked up the telephone and placed the receiver to his ear.

"Hello?" said he.

"This is Z calling," said a deep masculine voice. "I've just killed Ashfield of the Western Trust. Look for the apple seeds."

Newspapers, in the course of their daily activities, receive many vague or ambiguous messages, but nothing quite so startling as this, it is safe to assert,

Makes Any Stove A Gas Stove

Cuts Fuel Costs in Half

Write today for free descriptive folder telling all about the EVEN HEAT GENERATOR—a simple device that generates gas from kerosene and makes a gas stove out of any cook stove or heater. It's the wonder of the age—the greatest labor saving device ever invented for women.

30 Days Trial—Fits Any Stove

The EVEN HEAT GENERATOR makes any cook stove or heater—You can put it in your stove in 5 minutes—no holes to drill—costs only half as much to operate as coal or wood stoves. Don't clog—no smoke—no odor.

Send for free descriptive folder—learn how you can be relieved of handling fuel—no more ashes—no more dirt. Pays for itself in saved fuel first month. Write today.

Even Heat Generator Co. (Not Inc.)
Dept. 1, 3175 Archer Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Heavy Cold? Chest All Clogged Up?

DON'T let it get a start, Dr. King's New Discovery will get right down to work, relieving the tight feeling in the chest, quieting the racking cough, gently stimulating the bowels, thus eliminating the cold poisons. Always reliable. Just good medicine made to ease colds and coughs.

For fifty years a standard remedy. All the family can take it with helpful results. Eases the children's croup. No harmful drugs. Convincing, healing taste that the kiddies like. At all druggists, 60c.

Dr. King's New Discovery
For Colds and Coughs

Feel Badly? Bowels Sluggish? Haven't any "pep" in work or play. You're constipated! The stimulating action of Dr. King's Pills brings back old time energy. All druggists, 25c.

PROMPT! WON'T GRIPE
Dr. King's Pills

$2.00 an HOUR In your spare time

Taking orders among your friends and neighbors for the greatest household article ever discovered. [illegible] about this new invention. Saves Soap—Labor and Money.

Jiffy Washing Tablets Wash Clothes Snow White Without Hard Rubbing.

We need several hundred more representatives to fill unoccupied territory. Your chance to make $2.00 an hour during your spare time. No experience necessary as we furnish free samples, advertising matter and special plans. A pleasant and dignified business for any woman or man who wants more money. Write today for free samples and plans.

The Jiffy Soap Products Co.
Dept. F, Dayton, Ohio

The Woman Who Wished She Could Play the Piano

And How She Found an Easy Way to Turn Her Wish Into a Fact

A YEAR or so ago this woman didn't know one note from another. Today she plays the piano—entirely by note—better than many who have been playing for years. Here she tells how she learned and why it was so easy. Thousands of others, from school children to men and women of 50 to 60, have also learned music in the same easy way.

FROM the time I was a child, I have always had a yearning and longing to play the piano.

Often I felt that I would gladly give up half of my life if some kind fairy would only turn my wish into a fact. You see, I had begun to think I was too old to learn, that only some sort of fairy-story magic could give me the ability to play. I was 35 years old—and the mother of a small family—before I knew one note from another.

Until I learned to play, hearing music—especially the piano—always gave me almost as much pain as pleasure. My enjoyment of it was always some what soured by envy and regret—envy of those who could entertain and charm with their playing, regret because I myself had to be a mere listener. And I suppose it is that way with every one who has to be satisfied with hearing music instead of playing it.

Again and again, parties and other social gatherings have been all but spoiled for me. I could enjoy myself until some one suggested music or singing; then I felt "left out"—a lonesome wall flower—a mere onlooker, instead of part of the party. I was missing half the fun.

The way I have suddenly blossomed out in music (almost overnight, you might say) has been a big surprise to all who know me, and to myself as well. My friends seem to think it must be that I had a previously undiscovered genius for the piano. But if there was any genius about it it wasn't on my part, but in the lessons I took—a new and simplified method that makes it remarkably easy for anyone to add music or singing to their daily lives. Anyone anywhere can now learn to play any instrument or learn to sing just as easily as I did. All the hard part, all the big expense, all the old difficulties have been swept away by this simple new method.

I learned entirely by home study—in my spare time—from fascinating Print-and-Picture lessons that make everything so simple and easy that one simply can't go wrong on them. I call it a short-cut way to learn—it is so much simpler and so entirely different from the old and hard-to-understand methods. I know that I made better and faster progress than I ever could by bothering with a private teacher or joining a class. In fact, while I don't like to brag, within six months after I took my first lesson, my playing was better than that of many of my friends who had studied two or three years under private teachers.

My only regret is that I didn't know of this really wonderful method years before. The ability to play is such a great comfort. No matter how much I am alone, I never get lonesome—I can always turn to my piano for amusement. I am never at a loss for a way to entertain callers. I no longer feel that I am "out of it" at social gatherings. Do you wonder that I so gladly recommend the method that has brought me so much pleasure and satisfaction?

This woman's experience is by no means unusual. Over 250,000 others—from school children to men and women of 50 and 60—have learned to play their favorite instrument or learned to sing in the same way this woman did. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, we have built up the largest school of music in the world.

Whether for beginners or advanced pupils, our method is a revolutionary improvement of the old and hard-to-learn methods used by private teachers, and our method is as thorough as it is simple and easy. We teach you in the only right way—teach you to play or sing entirely BY NOTE. No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind. Yet it is a short-cut method, simply because every step is made so simple and clear, and the total cost averages a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything included.

For Beginners or Advanced Pupils

Piano	Harmony and Composition
Organ	Sight Singing
Violin	Guitar
Drums and Traps	Ukulele
Mandolin	Harp
Clarinet	Cornet
Flute	Piccolo
Saxophone	Trombone
'Cello	Banjo
Hawaiian Guitar	Tenor Banjo
Automatic Finger Control	
Voice and Speech Culture	

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of the music to mere listening? Why not at least let us send you our free book? Just now we are making a special offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a postcard.

U. S. School of Music, 693 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y.

COUPON

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Without obligation, please send me your book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and particulars of your special offer. I am interested in the following course:

(Name of instrument or course)

Name .....

Please write plainly.

Address .....

City ..... State .....

SEND ONLY $1

Just think of it, these entire **twenty** beautiful, wonderful quality pieces for only $4.89! Special advertising offer to bring us 25,000 new customers! Act quick before they are all gone. Most amazing bargain in America today. **Now**

Twenty-Piece Household Outfit

Very finest quality grades used throughout. A saving of half at this special advertising price. **2 BEDSHEETS**, for full size beds from full standard cotton sheeting; neat 3-inch hem; size about 72x90 inches. **4 PILLOW CASES**, beautiful extra fine neatly hemmed of splendid quality material; wide hem; full standard size before hemming about 42x36 inches. **4 TURKISH TOWELS** of choice cotton with heavy soft nap—famous Terry construction. Full size, 18x36, not to be confused with "short size" towels. **4 HUCK TOWELS**, generous in size 17x34 inches; snow white with dainty pink bordered ends; fine for daily use. **6 TURKISH WASH CLOTHS**, cotton Turkish or Terry, size about 10x10 inches; beautiful snow white with fancy colored stripes; hemmed all around. **Send only $1** (currency or money order) now—pay balance of $3.89 when postman delivers. If not more than pleased you may have **your money back quick and without question.**

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International Mail Order House, Chicago, Dept. **T-43,**
Enclosed is $1.00. Send me 20 Piece Household Outfit at once. I will pay postman balance of $3.89 and postage on arrival. If not satisfactory I get my money back.

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We Have Trusted Wage Earners Everywhere for more than 20 years, and we will trust you: and that all our friends may have advantage of this new offer, we have made the terms **Only $2 a Month.**

But Write Today for full details and Big Free Catalog of hundreds of Bargains at new prices. **SEND NO MONEY — just your** name and address.

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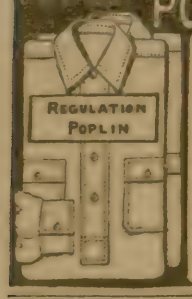
U.S. ARMY OFFICER'S POPLIN SHIRT



Regular U. S. Officer's Olive Drab Poplin shirts. Double stitched, warranted fast color. Two large pockets with buttons and flaps. Only two shirts to a customer at this low price. **Two For 365**

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Just name, address, and size. Pay postman $3.65 and postage when shirts arrive. Money back if not satisfied.

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The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer

Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, it will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 25 cents.

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BOYS! MAKE MONEY EVERY WEEK selling our papers, The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. No experience necessary. You can't lose. No money in advance. We show you just how to build up a route of steady customers that means steady profits every week, and just what to do.

START TODAY

Send us a postcard and say, "I will sell your papers. Send me as many as you think I can sell."

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500-514 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

had ever come to Waldron Shumway's ears or attention. Here were two mysterious murders within twenty-four hours, and the unknown assassin boldly boasting of his terrible deeds and evidently defying detection. Who is he—what is he? A fiend in human form, or some revengeful person who hopes to escape the consequences of his crimes by methods designed to confuse the police, the press and the public? Part two of this remarkable mystery story will appear in the Ledger next week.

A FAMILY HABIT

(Concluded From Page 2)

became conscious of a noise as of some one tapping persistently on glass. Indolently I turned my head to glance out the window.

Directly opposite me was another lighted sleeping car window, only a few feet away. Peering anxiously out of it at me, her nose flattened against the glass, was Dick's—or should I say Charles'—little Jeanne.

She smiled radiantly at having caught my attention and her full red lips shaped words I could not distinguish. Shamelessly unheeding of my display of pink silk pajamas, I hastily leaned forward to bring my head before the lower, open window of my berth, hoping thus to be able to hear her.

Jeanne, too, leaned forward to the similar window of her berth. I received a distinct look of surprise and pleasure in the unavoidable observance that her silk robe de nuit was of the exact shade of pink that I had carefully chosen for my pajamas.

The French aversion to fresh air is notorious and Jeanne was no exception to the national trait. The second window of her berth was shut as tight as the first. By the racing movement of her lips I could tell she was chattering volubly in French, but not a word could I comprehend, altho I speak the language passably.

My train gave a preliminary jerk. Anguish passed over the girl's face. She ceased her jabbering and slowly her mouth shaped two words which I could read by their lip motion—"Santa Barbara." My train started forward, but I had time to nod comprehension before the piquant face, framed by two black braids of hair, had been blotted out of sight.

The Spanish novel was forgotten as I settled back on my pillows. Here was a mystery more to my taste. What was this little French woman doing in this part of the world and where was Charles, to whom I presumed she had been married months before?

Evidently she was going to Santa Barbara; that was what she had been trying to tell me. With an involuntary jerk I sat bolt upright, knocking my head, of course. Had she been asking me to meet her in Santa Barbara and would she interpret my nod as assent?

For an hour I fought the notion, cynically dismissing it a dozen times by asking myself if I was going to be as idiotic a male person as my two brothers. Then I overcame temptation by succumbing, arose, dressed, and left the train at a godforsaken desert station where I had to wait dismal hours for one to carry me beck westward, bound for Santa Barbara. The reason I was going, I told myself, was because I must once more in my life hear Jeanne say "won."

III.

I FOUND her gazing off toward invisible China, sitting on the sand of Santa Barbara's lovely beach, beneath a pink parosol. Suddenly I realized that there are dark women to whom a certain shade of pink, my favorite shade, is, far from being unbecoming, ravishingly fitted.

Flirtatious ladies have told me I have a way with women. If the praise—or condemnation, as one views it—be justified, it is because I invariably approach them by indirection. Since I wanted to know nothing so much as why this young woman was here and what had become of my brother Charles, I mentioned neither the fact that we were in California nor that I had ever had a brother.

I talked rather of the one topic of which a woman never tires, her intimate self. And I was rewarded. A soft hand was laid on mine and a softer voice whispered:

"Oh, Monsieur 'l Major? You are so different from your brothairs. You could never be won bore!"

"Let us pray I will never become 'won,'" I mocked her, the while a great satisfaction over having come to Santa Barbara flamed up in my soul.

"You could not be," she asserted prettily. "Of the three, you are the won."

I had fallen completely under her spell, for I fervently ejaculated:

"May you always think so!"

Whether she feared I was so soon losing my fine touch or whether as the eternal feminine, she merely wished to tantalize me in delaying the avowal of affection she felt was to follow, I know not, but abruptly she exclaimed:

"There is sand in my shoe! Have you won paper I can put my foot on?"

A boy was passing—not the noisy news vendor of the city, but a silent youth more intent on the sea and sky than on disposing of his wares. Reluctantly he answered my call and grudgingly gave up a Los Angeles newspaper.

As I spread it for my lady's dainty foot a small, inconsequential item far down on the front page caught my eye. "Dies in Hotel Room," it was headed. Slyly I contrived to read a little of it, enough to learn that Charles Temple of the well-known New York family of that name, had died of heart failure two nights before in his hotel room. Also I learned that his wife, a Frenchwoman, had started East only shortly before his death and that frantic efforts were being made to locate her.

As I gallantly slipped off the little slipper I looked up into the soft brown eyes and said, as a mere statement of fact:

"So you married Charles."

Plainly, it was not what she expected. Perhaps she had looked for the continuance of our previous confidence, for the passionate pleading of the tenacious male not to be turned aside from his avowal by so unimportant a thing as sand in a lady's shoe or a whim in her mind. But, surprised tho she was, her smile bespoke satisfaction rather than displeasure as she said:

"You are the rare won. I do not know if you really care for me or if you merely flirt."

"Nor shall you ever know," I responded. "Was Charles a good husband?"

"I did not marry him," she calmly announced.

"But why not?" I demanded.

"Oh, he was always wanting me to."

"But, on the other hand, you were always asking Dick to marry you—you told us at Palm Beach."

"That was because he didn't want to."

"Do you know whether or not I want to marry you?" I asked.

"No. I know not. Do you?" She leaned forward eagerly.

"I haven't made up my mind," I answered, giving her a sardonic smile. "You know Charles is dead, don't you?"

For a moment she was silent, her face paling a little. Then she calmly replied:

"Yes, he died before I left Los Angeles, altho no one knew it."

Watching her closely, I asked her, in my ordinary conversational tone:

"Why did you poison both my brothers?"

"Because they were won bores," she flashed back, without a moment's hesitation. "Won was always wanting to marry me and the other always wanting not to."

IV.

JEANNE married me, chiefly, I am convinced, because she was not at all sure I was keen for the ceremony. She has made me a good wife. Perhaps it is an injustice to hint that this is because I occasionally mention the restful quiet of Reno or other of our divorce centers. At such times she fiercely reminds me of my brothers' end.

For the little French girl, subtle as she is, does not dream that I know she did not kill Richard and Charles. She khows nothing of the assurances I had from an autopsy surgeon, nor that heart trouble always has run in the Temple family, the men being particularly subject to it when crossed in their desires. If it should ever carry me off, she may hypnotize herself into the idea that she is a triple murderess!

Jeanne assigns a deeper motive than that of love to my having married her. I am responsible. I tell her life seemed flat and stale after I was invalided home from the war and could no longer gamble with death on the battlefield. She believes that I am now so radiantly happy because I have found in her a substitute gamble with the grim reaper. I dare not tell her my joy of existence grows out of finding means to retain her love. I dare not lose it.

BIG MONEY MAKING KISSES

D. M. Tree originated and made a fortune with Cream-O-Lasses, delicious Candy Kisses. He will train one person, 18 years or over, in each community, to make and sell them under his advertised trademark name—Cream-O-Lasses. Many now making $10 to $25 a day clear profit. If interested, just write to D. M. Tree, the Candy Maker, Dept. 203, Kansas City, Mo., for full information and free samples.—Adv.

Corn Bread and Sugar.

RECENTLY a theoretical cook, who makes a living by writing rather than by cooking, published a formula for a new kind of corn bread. Commenting upon the recipe, Editor George Bailey of Houston, Texas, said with some heat: "About that corn bread recipe which includes three-fourths of a cup of sugar. Tell them not to do it. Sugar in corn bread is an abomination. It ought to be made a crime. It violates every tradition of the South. It insults the palate. It mocks the culinary art. When the Lord made corn, he put all the sugar in it he intended it to have."

The late Colonel Henry Watterson, then in retirement near Louisville, saw this attack by Bailey upon the newest vice, and tho more than 80 years old, the intrepid Colonel rushed to the side of the Texas Colonel to strengthen his arm. Colonel Watterson commented as follows:

"Corn bread with sugar in it was an idea born of the devil, planted in New England and sent South by our enemies. It is threatening the life of real corn bread right in the land of its birth. It has done and is doing worse. It makes men trifling and women frivolous. It is responsible for most of the murders, suicides and divorces. It is the mother of Bolshevism and the daddy of anarchy. It weakens the brain, infuriates the liver and makes people potbellied. It brings corns and baldness and saffronizes the complexion. It makes the nose shiny and the skin purple.

"It drives husbands downtown of nights. It causes the servants to be insolent and obstreperous. It creates an appetite for moonshine.

"It emboldens a man to refuse his wife's request for money. But for sugar in corn bread, there would be no war, no flies or mosquitoes, no ants or roaches, no I. W. W.

"Let the twentieth amendment to the Constitution forever prohibit sugar in corn bread, and let's have the vote right away.

"This would seem all-embracing and is sufficiently conclusive. New England may know how to bake beans. They say the cider in Maine is a good substitute for whisky. It must be admitted that in Boston 'punkin pie' is no slouch. But corn bread? La! That requires all that George Bailey says, and a pair of old black hands to boot—and a red bandanna handerchief—and old black mammy's voice, rich, mellow and devotional, singing:

"'How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord.'"

Taking No Chances.

IT WAS in one of those country towns that have a general store which sells everything from face powder to dynamite.

A farmer and his wife drew up to the store. Calling to the proprietor, he said:

"Joe, bring me that box I bought a few days ago."

The package was put in the car at the feet of the man and his wife, but the latter eyed the box suspiciously. She had heard her husband say to one of the men on the farm, "I'll bring back some dynamite," and she knew that they intended to blow up an old dam in the river that crossed the farm land.

"What's in that box, Herbert?" she inquired. "Is it dynamite?"

"Well, what if it is?" evasively responded her husband. "It won't do any damage unless it explodes."

"Herbert," screamed his wife, "if you think I'm going to ride one mile and a half in a car with dynamite under my feet you're making a mistake. Put the stuff in the back of the car at once!"

Out of Gear.

DICKEY and Charlie were told by their mother not to play at the back of the school building, where there was a swollen stream and plenty of mud.

When they returned home at nearly 5 o'clock that evening, their shoes were covered with mud.

Then mother said:

"Charlie, I do not know how your conscience let you go to the stream after promising mother that you would not go."

Charlie answered:

"I expect my conscience wasn't working just right today, mother."

WOMEN will be glad to know of a laxative that operates without griping or weakening. Thousands will tell you they get more satisfactory results from Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin than from salts, pills and drastic cathartics. Syrup Pepsin is a mild, gentle cleanser and regulator. It costs only about a cent a dose.

DR. CALDWELL'S
SYRUP PEPSIN
THE FAMILY LAXATIVE

Take Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin when constipated, bilious, headachy or out of sorts. You will find your general health and complexion so improved that less cosmetics will be needed. Thousands of women have proved this true.

HALF-OUNCE BOTTLE FREE

Few escape constipation, so even if you do not require a laxative at this moment let me send you a Free Generous Trial Bottle of my Syrup Pepsin FREE OF CHARGE so you will have it handy when needed. Simply send your name and address to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 148 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Write me today.

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Ramee Guimpe Dress with Detachable Cape of Same Material

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Below is shown Guimpe Dress without Cape

Never in all your life have you seen such an advanced fashion at so low a price—a fashion of today with a touch of tomorrow—a fashion that may not reach your local store for weeks or even months. Made of good quality **Ramee**, the most popular of all materials for Spring wear, and sent to your door without one penny in advance.

Send No Money

Not one penny with your order—just your name, address, size and color you choose, and back will come this most wonderful of the newest Spring fashions, **all delivery charges paid to your door.** All you do is pay postman the amazing low bargain price of **$3.39** when he delivers dress. Then, if for any reason at all you are not pleased and delighted with your bargain, return dress and every penny you have paid will be returned to you. Dress and Cape are made of good quality **Checked Ramee** material. **Dress** is **Guimpe** style with two large patch pockets and long flowing self material sash. Square neck and pockets are trimmed with stitched-on contrasting colored material. **Cape** is of same material as dress with collar and edge trimmed same as dress. Cape fastens at throat with pretty tie of same material. The best outfit that has ever been offered for general Spring wear—warm days or cool evenings. **Colors: Rose, Copenhagen Blue, Leather Brown. Sizes: Misses', 16 to 20 years; Women's, 34 to 46 inches, bust measure. Order by No. 3439. STATE SIZE AND COLOR. Order NOW.**

HURRY!

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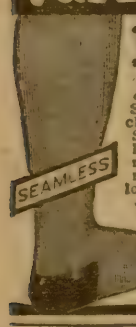

Don't neglect Varicose Veins. Don't wear dangerous bandages or ill-fitting Elastic Stockings with SEAMS that irritate and chafe veins. Worcester SEAMLESS Elastic Stockings are safest and best, because they have no seams. Made of strictly fresh rubber thread to your exact leg measurements—therefore fit perfectly and wear longest. Cost less and ensure more comfort.

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SAY!! Thousands have; why don't YOU improve your financial condition? Operate a KINGERY Popcorn Popper, Peanut Roaster or Popcorn Fritter Outfit. 70 cents profit on every dollar. Many styles and sizes. Popping 40 quarts to 12 bushels per hour. Roasting 12 quarts to 5 bushels. Prices $40 to $1550. Liberal terms. Catalog free.
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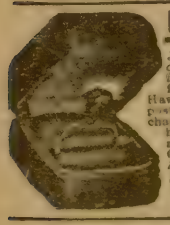

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MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

GIRLS! Are You Contemplating MARRIAGE?

We have a 150 page book, which you should not be without. Send $2.00 and we will mail it to you.

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CENTRAL DISTRIBUTING CO.
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BOYS Get busy—organize your baseball team. We give you absolutely without cost a Boys League ball, catcher's mitt and mask to "knock 'em over the fence." All you have to do is prepare for sale on 30 days of assorted flower and vegetable seed at 10c pkg. We trust you—do not send no money, just your name and address on postal. We then send seeds. When sold send us $3.00 and the bat, ball and gloves will immediately be sent post paid. Be first in your town, write today.

Kearney Seed Co. Box 194, Monongahela, Pa.

A Double-headed Conspiracy

(Continued From Page 5)

the switch shanty, and when Hardin J. and Pat went to it Kate and I, and the general manager, too, for that matter, were as busy as a ticket agent at a one-man station on excursion day.

But we got them thru somehow, tho I'm here to say there were times when the going was rough and it seemed as if all of us, including Mac, were bumping on the ties. Hardin J. came home with a couple of brindle bulldogs that looked as if they had come out of a head-on collision that had shoved in most of their front end, and a diploma with a red seal and a cluster of ribbon on it. Pat registered in with an oration on "Democratizing Our Democracy" and another diploma written in a foreign language and decorated with enough red ribbon to flag a work train.

Driving the last spike, even if it's in an education, is a proper occasion for a celebration, so none of us kicked up a row when Hardin J. brought in two of his friends, and Pat opened the home switch for three of her friends, the whole train of them wearing college educations and eastern polish.

The polish on one of Hardin J.'s crew somehow made me think of Red Top rye, and if one of Pat's crew didn't put her polish on every morning with a powder puff then Kate and I made the wrong guess about her.

THAT week's run was tolerable hard on everybody's nerves; if we had had a train trying out for the mail contract go in the ditch or hung up with an engine failure, we couldn't have been more excitable than we were when the party broke up about 10 o'clock on Saturday night. It seemed the boys had taken on a contract to paint the city a railroad red and the night they finished the job about 3 o'clock in morning, I had to spot them on the floor of my room because each of them had a breath like an oil burner, and there was no way to be sure that if I got them on a bed they wouldn't try to hop off while it was moving at the rate of forty miles an hour, and probably get mangled and sue the company for a million dollars.

And the girls didn't behave any too well, either, tho their dissipation seemed to be visiting all the Midnight Missions and Rescue Stations in the city, endeavoring to prepare themselves, as Pat afterwards confided in me, to "democratize our democracy." Pat was sincere in it, and two of her friends impressed me as lacking enough brains to be either sincere or otherwise. They just went in for slumming because they had to live and living they had to do something to pass the time. The girl who put her eastern polish on every morning with a powder puff was different and daring and, if I'm any judge of females, she wasn't as much interested in democratizing democracy as she was in monopolizing Hardin J., and while I, being only the Newfoundland dog for the family, didn't have the right to put out the train orders for the guests, when I found her tasting Hardin J.'s whisky and soda one evening, I began to wonder if there wasn't some way I could tie a can on her for violating Rule G of the Standard Book of Rules, which everybody knows, prohibits drinking.

To a man who has viewed life from the top of a moving freight train during more than half his years, it looked as if Buraleen Bishoff was the sort of a woman that would stand for most any sort of man as long as they traveled on a Pullman and had a diner on the string. I wouldn't have banked on either her smile or her powder puff polish if life got down to day coaches and lunch counters. But Hardin J. appeared to like her style and as I assumed that her father was Dane Bishoff, railroad magnate and banker, I felt she was in our social classification, and to have expressed a resentment at her interest in us, meaning Hardin Jr., would have been something like the pot calling the kettle black.

At any rate, that house party—that's what they said it was, even tho, most of the time, Kate and I and the servants were the only ones at home—rather got on everybody's nerves, including the chauffeur's, who blew the job because there was so much overtime without pro rata compensation. Pat never believed in our modern tip system because it is undemocratic.

When the last guest cleared the front door that Saturday night, Mac, Kate, the two youngsters and I met in the drawing-room. The sighs of relief reminded me of so many engines blowing off after having done their laps.

Just sighing didn't quite satisfy Mac. It wasn't his nature to get complete relaxation that way. Back in the old days when a crew lost time on the Limited or a stock train Mac didn't sigh, not exactly! When I eased into the room and saw Mac standing, back to the fireplace, his low-cut vest permitting his white front to stand out like a newly whitewashed whistling post, and all that part of his neck that wasn't boarded up by his choker collar as red as the danger arm on a semaphore, I thought it wasn't going to be more than a minute, minute and a half or two minutes before there would be more or less hell a-popping. I was right, as usual.

CHAPTER II.

MAC swayed from heel to toe for a minute, reminding me of a mogul hog rolling from rail to rail while drifting down a grade with the steam cut off. Mac's eyes were leveled on Hardin J. who had flopped—nothing else expresses it quite—into the depths of the big leather chair beyond the lamp stand. He had taken a cigarette from a silver case, the price of which probably had been charged in on the miscellaneous expenses of a modern education. Hardin J. was tapping the cigarette on the case before starting in to fog up the room. Three or four taps were enough because Hardin J. couldn't stand much manual labor at one time, and, unconscious of the fact he was in the glare of Mac's headlight, as the boy reached for a match he unloaded a package apparently consigned to any of us who might be expecting something.

"It's going to be rather quiet here now that the jolly rascals are gone," he said in a tone suggesting that deep regret evinced by a boomer switchman the morning after the evening when he pulled the pin that held him to a pay roll.

"We'll do our best to find something to interest you," said Mac.

"And I suppose one gets used to an atmosphere after one breathes it long enough," Hardin J. continued. "I say, Sis, did that institution of mental manners permit you to indulge in anything as vulgar as golf? A round of golf in the morning with you wouldn't be so bally rotten, tho, of course, it won't be quite up to playing with some one in my own class."

Pat never permitted one like that to get by without swinging at it and whatever it was that she intended to say would have had plenty of steam behind it, but Mac had the switch blocked with some conversational cars of his own:

"Aside from teaching you to keep the draft working on a cigarette and to talk like a ten-wheeler sissy, just what has the last four years done for you?"

The question showed that Mac was lacking in that sympathetic temperament which would have appreciated and respected Hardin J.'s feelings: Here he was at the end of a university course with no one with whom to play golf; here he was with two dished-faced bulldogs and no one who appreciated the beauty of their bowed legs and crooked tails.

Knowing Mac better than Hardin J. knew him, I felt sorry for Mac and knowing Hardin J. better than Mac knew him, I felt sorry for Hardin J.

Mac's question took all of us by surprise. Having been directed at Hardin J. it took him by surprise more than it did the rest of us. He looked at his father with that same perplexed stare that comes into a student brakeman's face when, for the first time, he is told to go out and turn up a few retainers and he hadn't ever dreamed there was such a thing on a box car.

"You're a fine advertisement for that university!" Mac continued and an emery wheel didn't have much on him for rough disposition. "A cluster of comic opera clothes being pulled down the street by a bleary-eyed, bent-legged dog, as if he was ashamed of the tonnage he was coupled on."

"That dog took the blue ribbon in——" Hardin J. didn't get the string started because Mac cut the crossing on him:

"I'm saying nothing against the dog—it's the company he's keeping! Now, my boy, you've been running light and wild for four years and it's time you get back on a time card and pull some tonnage. When are you going to work?"

A landlady in El Paso once asked me that question and I know just how embarrassing it is when a fellow can't be convincingly concrete. If Hardin J. had answered immediately, admitting he had given the subject no more thought than a boomer does his next job, when he throws his lantern at the nearest box car and starts for the paymaster's office, Mac, maybe, wouldn't have coupled in to him so roughly. But Hardin J. was slow answering the signal. He indolently inhaled his cork-tipped cigarette, permitting some of the smoke to escape by way of his nose.

Mac grew up with a pipe. Cigarettes were as popular with him as hash at a boarding-house. As for blowing smoke thru the nose—well, the sight of it

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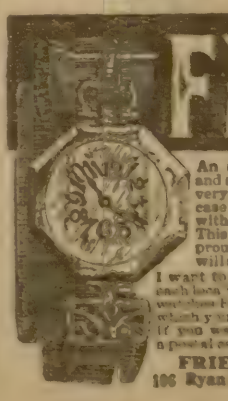

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reacted on him much like the back fire from a choked netting does on a tallowpot. When the first exhaust comes back thru the firebox door the tallowpot starts for the tall timber and the mere echo of his remarks would completely wreck a Sunday school.

It was unfortunate that Pat wasn't less, or more, deeply absorbed in "The Spiritual Value of a Back Yard Garden." In either event she might have escaped being sideswiped by trouble that wasn't on her track.

If she had been less interested she might have observed the shrug of disgust which agitated Mac's shoulders and, in the presence of that ominous shrug, minded her own business, if she had any. If she had been more interested she wouldn't have tried to shove in on the carpet where Hardin J. had the frog blocked, so to speak. Women, as a rule, always excepting Kate, mind their own business just enough to split a switch when and where it will lay out the most trains.

"Father is right!" Pat volunteered with an air of finality suggesting that she might have been the author of the Standard Book of Rules. "Repeatedly, I've told you, Hardin, it was time you were giving serious thought to a field of service."

"Now, Patricia," Mac said to her, "your hat check isn't good beyond this station. Don't forget our packages when you get off."

Pat had what society folk call poise. She never slopped over when the going was rough. I've often watched the dining car waiters, in a crowded car when the wagons were rolling forty miles an hour and lurching so you were as apt to jam your coffee cup in your eye as in your mouth, and marveled how they would juggle a tray of glasses filled to the brim, without spilling as much as a drop. Well, poise is just that, only it's mental. Pat had it.

"Pardon me, father," she came back as she pulled her feet under her on the settle. "Your experience such difficulty in expressing yourself, sometimes, one really feels it is a charitable duty to help you."

"I can't continue to talk to you children in checks all my life," Mac retorted, and I thought that was rather clever in the old boy because he never enjoyed a reputation for repartee except where he could use his fists or a stilson wrench. "It begins to look as if I'd have to send both of you to another brainshop for four more years to have you taught that one of life's fundamentals is just ham hock and cabbage. Both of you show up here with a clearance card from a college and, as far as I can see, neither of you could go out and make a living for a red ant. I'm asking you a question, Hardin! When are you going to work?"

"Any time, governor," Hardin drawled. "Is there anything particular, something pressing, which you wish me to do?"

"What in particular can you do?" Mac replied. "All you've shown is an astonishing ability to increase operating expenses. You understand, of course, it is revenues which run the road."

"I'm quite willing to take charge of any department to which you may assign me," Hardin insisted. "This is the first time you've broached the bally subject, so why be surprised if I have no thought of it? By training I'm qualified for handling some construction department; bridge and buildings, perhaps, or——"

Mac gave him the washout signal.

"Just as I suspected!" he exclaimed. "You've been riding the cushions for four years, expecting me to provide you with a special car and a fat salary when you got to the end of the deadheading. It's a shame to wake you up, but we don't do business that way on the Continental. I hire men for what they can do and I know what they can do by what they have done. When you show me something I'll talk business and until then—well, there's only a few more meals to be punched out of your ticket and when it's gone your credit isn't any good at this eating-house."

That sounded as if Mac really was getting ready to hang a piece of hardware on Hardin J. I'd been busy reading the evening newspaper upside down and Kate had been sewing with an empty needle. When I looked around the edge of the paper at her she was looking my way out of the corner of her eyes. She just smiled, faintly, and shook her head slowly, which, I took to mean, that it was time to head some one in on the siding before we all got mussed up in a collision.

"Speaking of meal tickets, Kate," I said, just horning in the game even if I didn't have a white chip, "I never hear one mentioned but what I want to quarrel with you. You didn't give me a square deal there at the Ash Fork eating-house. Every time Mac and I came in for grub he'd eat twice as much as I would and you'd always punch his ticket for a nickel less than you punched mine."

"I've made him pay for all of that, since, Jackson," Kate said as she made her third attempt to thread the needle.

"Remember, they had two tables in the dining-room? The one on the south side stood you six bits, while the one on the north side let you out with thirty-five cents. Maybe you didn't know it, Kate, but the reason Mac never run by that meal stop wasn't because he was dead anxious to see you. No, he had an idea he could make a fortune eating there. He explained it to me once, saying that every time a fellow ate at the thirty-five table instead of the six-bit table he saved forty cents, and every time a fellow ate ten meals there he saved four dollars. Mac had an idea he could eat enough meals there in a year to make himself rich——"

"It might have worked," Mac interrupted, "if I hadn't had to buy two meals every time you was along."

"As I remember it," Kate said, coming to my defense, "Jackson paid the bill as often as you did."

"That was because he always was carrying end-door passengers," Mac explained.

"And splitting the pot with the captain of the dog house to keep his interest centered in his waybills," I went back at him, wondering how long I would have to keep Mac ruminating before Hardin J. would realize that I had switches lined up for him to clear out.

IF KATE and I thought we could break up the investigation by taking Mac off to Arizona, while Hardin J. pulled in the clear we were as wrong as a timekeeper—who is never right. From the way the youngster stuck and kept the cigarette fogging you would have thought it was the noon hour and the switch crew had put the goat on the spot with a green fire in the box.

It was as certain as bad luck when you're on short time against the varnished wagons that the minute the Memory Special stopped and Mac swung off of it, Mac would discover Hardin J. in the offing, so to speak, and there would be more torpedoes and red light.

My personally conducted excursion around the circuit of antique eating houses would have been in vain if the telephone in the reception hall hadn't given us an imitation of an irate dispatcher putting the buzzer on a sleepy operator.

Pat made a dive for it, it being one of her efforts in behalf of democracy to prevent the maid from being overworked.

There was a moment of suspense as we waited to hear whether it was a message to Mac saying another train of grunts on the hoof had gone into the ditch or just notification of another dividend. The suspense, for me, ended when Pat exclaimed:

"Why Buraleen!"

Hot boxes and dope buckets! If that woman with her powder-puff polish still was within telephone distance we were running on soft track and cribbed bridges! Hardin J. sat up and evinced something akin to interest in his surroundings, and Mac—well, Mac wilted down on the settle his face cheerful like one of those Kansas clouds which, as they go their festive way, turn the cistern wrong-side-out and hang it on the church steeple without spilling the water.

"Lost your purse!" Pat sang in an excited soprano. "And your transportation was in it!—How provoking!—Of course, we will, and right away, too.—Oh I'm sure he'll not mind.—You wait right there, dear, and we'll be along in twenty minutes."

"Now what?" Mac asked as Pat came from the hall.

"It was Buraleen! The silly child has lost her handbag, purse, transportation and all! She is at the union station quite helpless."

"But why call on us?" Mac asked icily. "She's within a block of the Salvation Army and it's their business to——"

Hardin J. was on his way toward the hall.

"I'll go after her in the car," he volunteered with that sacrificial reluctance shown by a hungry stinger when he accepts a four-bit piece from a philanthropic brother.

"Have you enough money to buy her another ticket?" Mac wanted to know.

"That wouldn't be the thing to do, quite, father," Pat protested. "We'll fetch her back and she can decide what she wishes to do tomorrow."

"Why put off until tomorrow what can be done today?" Mac replied.

"There's no necessity for your going way down there with me at this time of night," Hardin J. said to Pat. "You're tired and——"

"I don't mind it a bit," Pat interrupted. "I'd remain up until you returned, anyway."

"It's quite chilly out," Hardin J. reminded her, showing an unusual consideration for her health and comfort.

"Really, Patricia, I believe I'd stay in, if I were you," Kate said as she looked over at me with that "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" expression on her face. "Jackson, did I hear you say you were feeling the need of fresh air before going to bed?"

"Either I'm getting to where I think out loud or else your hearing is mighty keen, Kate," I replied. "If Hardin don't mind and if he'll keep the lady up front with him and let me have observation end of the Pullman to myself, I'd like to go."

My remark was met with a noise like a long silence and as silence gives consent I went to the hall for my top coat and followed the youngster to the garage and we started out to rescue Buraleen—or Hardin J., I wasn't sure which.

That was one round trip where I was as popular as a company spotter and I knew it, but when duty calls I'm right there to sign the book and take out the train even tho I've been given a short call and haven't had my eight hours' rest. Hardin J. didn't pay much attention to me and I amused myself my exploring the tonneau because there was always the chance that Buraleen had dropped her handbag in the car when the company was going to the station earlier in the evening.

Just to show how completely devoid of a visible means of support she was, Buraleen held out both her hands to Hardin J., as he approached her in the waiting-room.

"Oh, but you are a dear!" she exclaimed, and they rushed at each other at a speed that made me fearful lest they'd telescope. I'm sure the young woman didn't expect Hardin J. to be carrying signals for a second section, for when I showed up with cheerful news she seemed more disappointed than pleased.

"I claim the reward," I insisted, "Here's your handbasket."

Buraleen turned more or less red in the face and as for thanking me—was it Shakespeare or Solomon who said ingratitude's other name was woman? She did finally stammer:

"Why, where on earth did you find it?"

"Right where you put it, I reckon. Don't you remember?"

Her memory seemed to be as uncertain as a company witness, in a damage suit.

"It was in the left side pocket of the automobile," I explained without fooling myself into believing that I was telling her anything she didn't know.

"How did it get there?" she asked lamely and I was tolerably sure I knew but I was too much of a gentleman to say so.

We made the return to the house and I had the rear seat to myself, as much a part of the train as a bad order chained behind the caboose with the air cut out.

Don't fail to heed the "All aboard!" signal for the next installment of this amusing railroad story, which will appear in next week's Ledger. A mighty pleasant trip is guaranteed to all who follow the Double-headed Conspiracy to the end of the line. Many things are to happen en route, described by a writer whose name stands for the authorship of the best railroad stories known to fiction editors.

* * *

Get Up and Scratch.

Said one little chick, with a funny little squirm,
"I wish I could find a nice, fat worm."

Said another little chick, with a queer little shrug,
"I wish I could find a nice, fat bug."

Said another little chick, with a strange little squeal,
"I wish I could find some nice, yellow meal."

"Now, look here," said the mother from the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast, you must get up and scratch."

* * *

Just Killing Time.

IRVING BACHELLER, the novelist, was talking to a farmer with great interest. The farmer saw the novelist thought country life was an easy one. "And when do you start plowing?" asked Bacheller. "I don't plow," said the farmer. "When the thaws come the rocks roll down from the mountains and tear up the earth." Bacheller was puzzled. "And what about sowing?" he asked. "I just sit at my door and shoot the seed out of a shotgun." "But, look here," said Bacheller, "is this really the truth?" "The truth? No," laughed the farmer, "it's just conversation."

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The Fangs of a Mongrel Breed

(Continued From Page 7)

yacht ran close in, while Wise studied their faces with his binoculars.

He was running into a little more danger than he knew. In a few minutes a hundred of those canoes came out of the creek and began to approach him. Then the yacht put out to sea, just fast enough to lure the canoes after him. And the men around the gun now got busy in earnest, as could be seen by their activities.

"Why don't you run up a black flag?" called Wise thru his megaphone to the Japanese commander. "You're a d—d pirate yourself."

A moment later he gave orders to his helmsman to run a zigzag course.

At the same time he called Pietro into earnest consultation.

"Pietro," he said, "I am John Mitchel's special friend, and anyway I am a friend of republics and I hate these yellow devils like Satan hates holy water. But I'm in a quandary. I'm registered under an American flag, and if I do anything except purely in self-defense, I'm liable to get Uncle Sam into trouble. We've just had a costly war, as you probably know, and we perhaps don't need another one this summer; that would be too soft for a lot of tricky contractors. I've got ample defense on this little hooker, and I'm itching to use it, but you see my difficulty. Think fast, Pietro, and help me out."

Pietro thought fast. "Let me speak alone with my men for a moment," was all he said. He spoke with his men, and the next minute every man of the yacht's crew, including John Wise himself, was looking down the barrel of a Colt revolver. "You're my prisoner, John Wise," said Pietro sternly. "Make a crooked move, and I'll do you like I did the Jap. Now then, you've bragged you've got a gun on this little toy; let's see you use her."

"I haven't a gun," said Wise in mixed admiration and amazement.

"What have you got then?"

"Suppose I refuse to let you know or to use what I have?"

"Say, I'm not joking," said old Pietro grimly. "Ask my men here if I joked with the Jap, Hishanuma. This is a life and death business. I have commandeered your toy for the republic of New Portugal. Pull down that American flag there, and run up the flag of New Portugal."

"No. Never!"

"I say, yes."

"No; if I'm going to fight that Jap ship I'll fight her under my own flag!"

It was a case of two determined men met in conflict.

"Look there!" suddenly cried old Pietro.

The hundred canoes had given up the chase and gone alongside and all around the Japanese craft, and the men on it were lowering packages and boxes to them. Twilight was falling rapidly. And away to the south, following one behind the other like a string of geese, came five boats known to Pietro to be New Portuguese naval vessels.

"Friends or enemies?" asked Wise.

"Well, sixty per cent of their seamen are colonial Germans, and so is one officer out of every five."

"Come below," said Wise. "We're friends all right, Pietro, you and I—come below and I'll show you something."

They went below the waterline.

"Do you know what this is?" asked John Wise of the old sailor.

Pietro found himself looking at a most curious machine. It was long and gleamed with polished steel. He had never in all his experience seen anything like it.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Come back on deck and I'll show you how it works," said Wise. "It is my own invention, or at least many of the most important improvements are mine. On the deck Pietro had noticed numerous small openings, closed with little brass flaps. Bliss now raised one of these, and thrust a flat steel rod deep down into it. On the steel rod was an insulated copper wire. Next he placed across the top of the steel bar, fitting it carefully in the sockets, a thing that looked like a rifle and had sights and a trigger. He snapped in an electrical connection.

"Watch," he said. "I'll show you how she works." Wise was quite pale. After all, this was not his quarrel. But at that instant the men on board the Japanese vessel let fly at him with their long range gun, and the shell screamed across the yacht's deck, carrying off a man.

"Here, you aim it and fire it," said Wise. "All you have to do is to aim at a line about five feet above the Jap's waterline and pull the trigger."

Pietro did so, aiming very carefully. Then he looked at Wise in disappointment and disguest. Nothing whatever had happened so far as he could see. But in a moment he saw something like a shark racing away from the yacht. It left a stream of white bubbles behind it.

"My Lord!" cried Pietro! "What is it?"

"My new torpedo."

But those on board the Japanese vessel had seen also. The outline of the deadly thing could be plainly seen in the crystalline waters under the warm twilight skies. A howl of rage and fear went up from the Japs, and then a remarkable thing happened. A half-dozen naked Jap sailors leaped into the water with the intention, evidently, of tackling the deadly thing barehanded and turning it aside. The missile's inventor saw it nose past two, that actually got near to its path and dove down for it, like a thing of life and intelligence—and then it struck! There was a tremendous explosion and the spouting of water high into the air, but no such a catastrophe as that of the early morning took place. This Japanese vessel was evidently loaded at least in the lower hold with arms rather than powder.

She gave a great lurch forward, and the steam began to purr and bubble from a hole in her side. Her stern sank into the water and her decks became steep. Meanwhile the men at the long gun were once more trying to train it on the yacht. But the deck had now tilted at too great an angle and the thing was impossible.

"She'll go down in sixty feet of water," said old Pietro. "They won't salvage much of that cargo soon."

"Let's get away from here," said the American inventor, looking pretty white. "That darned thing works even better than I thought it would."

"We'd better be hooking it," agreed Pietro. "That gang of pirates from Braganza will be after us in a few minutes."

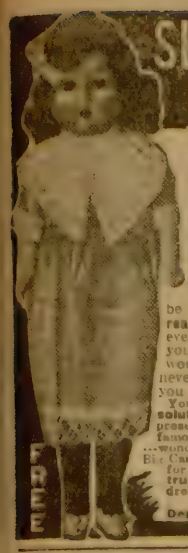
And so the little American yacht, having done her work and done it well, showed a clean pair of heels to the little hostile fleet that was slowly approaching.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next few days were days of horror in Braganza and New Portugal. The fighting which began in the streets that lovely Sunday morning continued with increased intensity thruout the day. All day the Bragadistas attacked the palace of the President, and all day long the President's bodyguard gave them grape shot. Meanwhile the word that a revolution was afoot ran like wildfire to all the distant coffee and sugar plantations, and to the far rubber station in the heart of the jungle; and the natives did not wait for the sun's eclipse for their signal to attack. On lonely haciendas the laborers rose and murdered their employers. Men, women and children were killed in brutal fashion. The Pampas Indians went on the warpath, and all the horrors of Indian warfare were experienced on the frontiers. At the same time the army of negroes and mongrels which Catacara had gotten together and put under Toussaint and his other "generals," balked in their attempt to get firearms, went out to do murder with their knives. The whole country from Pirate Cape to the city of Braganza was laid waste by them, and half the white population killed off. Toward the end of the week, the so-called Convent of All Saints became the headquarters for this black army.

Meanwhile it was reported that Hernandez, still true to the republic, was using the bulk of the army that remained true to him to protect the foreigners in the capital. This was true, as he had trusted to his crooked confederates among the ardent Bragadistas to bring President Maderia to terms, in order that he might later declare that the republic could not keep order and that a return of the House of Braga was necessary.

From Sunday till Thursday that little band in the Presidential Palace grounds fought bravely and sold their lives dearly to the insurrectionists. The palace was turned into a hospital, and Paula and twenty other women who managed to enter, even under fire, were busy nursing the wounded. As for John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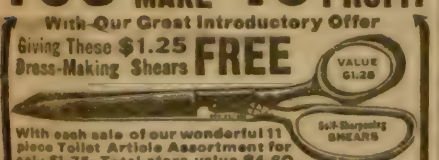

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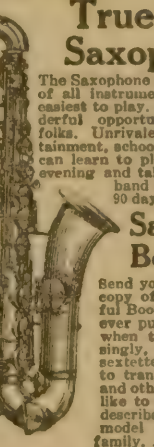
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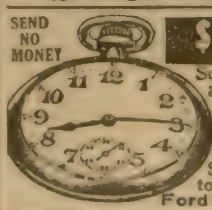
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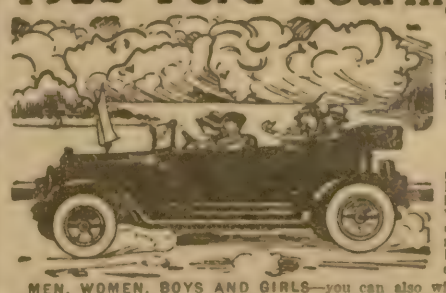
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Mitchel, and Sylvestre da Sao Vincente, they each escaped into the city and finding each a band of loyal patriots put themselves at their head. Thus Paula had the additional worry of not knowing any hour whether her husband were still alive or not.

Then on Thursday, while the great eclipse was on, the city of Braganza was treated to a new experience, an experience she will not soon forget. On one side, the colored men and mongrels of Toussaint's band broke thru the republican army guarding that side of the city, and began to murder the inhabitants. On the other hand, shells from the vessels in the harbor began to fall with great regularity and effect inside the city. None fell on the Presidential Palace, but they fell most thickly on the barracks where the Bragadistas were garrisoned. Still the watchers in the palace could not guess who was firing, and they themselves expected to be shelled at any moment.

Meanwhile the most horrible reports are coming in from the frontiers. Men were being shot with poison arrows. The head-hunters were busy cutting off the heads of their victims. Worst of all, an army sent against one band of Pampas Indians that had taken to the warpath were being shot with curious jagged steel arrows, like the leaves of thistles, which caused them to die in a few hours with the most painful convulsions. These were Catacara's scientifically made germ carriers.

John Mitchel was in charge of the army which was trying to guard the inhabitants against the mongrel breed from the north. They had broken thru, during the first wave of enthusiasm caused by the eclipse coming as it did, which had been explained to them as a sign that they should conquer the whites. But he rallied his small army of less than a thousand men, behind a barricade, which had been previously prepared in case they should have to fall back, and poured from this barricade a deadly fire into the heathens. But the mongrels clung to the houses. They scrambled across roofs and hid in cellars, and ever they swarmed in, in greater and greater numbers. They were like those armies of tropical ants that know no turning aside.

Then in the afternoon, when Mitchel was fighting with his shirt torn completely off him, his left arm bleeding, and his scalp torn by a bullet from a traitor on a chimney pot behind, a man came to him and touched him on the arm.

It was one of Pietro's men. Mitchel thought he was looking at a ghost.

"Where is Pietro?" asked Mitchel.

"He's well; he's aboard the Columbia, and is the ship's commander. He's fixing to fire incendiary shells and wants you to tell him what quarter of the city to drop them in."

John turned and began to hug the man. "You see this sector in front of us," he said. "This barricade runs northeast and southwest from the head of the Calle de Cartegena to the north side of the Vieux Carre. All on the outside of that line is held by those d—n niggers. Tell him to burn 'em out."

He never once stopped to ask how Pietro came to be in command of the guns of the biggest ship in New Portugal's navy. Wonders were occurring every hour. Every hour brought forth a hero and a leader, and every hour revealed a new phase of base treachery and brutality.

IT IS a brief story how old Pietro became commander of the Columbia. John Wise, being chased by the little fleet of Portuguese ships, and getting a crippled engine, was forced to turn to bay, whereupon he sunk two of his pursuers and sent another limping toward the shore, where she grounded herself.

Then old Pietro, taking command, forced the other two to surrender, whereupon he took command of one, and gave the command of the other to a young man of his faithful crew, a certain Alcide Leboro, a former political prisoner.

The first act of the redoubtable old Pietro upon taking command of the captured vessel was to stand up every officer on deck and have them shot by their own men as traitors. Then he forced the German seamen to throw all small arms overboard, and shot dead with his own hand, one who hesitated about obeying him.

After that the three vessels sailed south, entered the harbor of Braganza, and with torpedoes sank two more vessels which were trying to escape thru the neck of the harbor; then forced all others to surrender. There was more shooting of treasonous officers and men, and then under the eye of the three commanders, John Wise, Pietro Silvia and young Leboro, they proceeded to shell the city systematically, while foreign men, women and children, crowded on board the vessels by the diplomatic Hernandez, spent their hours standing on tiptoe with their hands over their ears, an experience they will of course be proud to tell to their grandchildren.

But the incendiary shells soon sent Toussaint's black army scurrying from the city. There were scenes too horrible to relate, but only the black demons who had invaded the city suffered from the fire, as the whites had all escaped behind the barricade or been murdered before the conflagration began.

Meanwhile, Sylvestre, with an intrepid republican army was fighting against the Bragadistas, now actually led by Hernandez in their effort to penetrate the city from the west, and assist his henchmen in wiping out the brave few defending the presidential palace. From the time of the eclipse till the falling of night, they fought in a hand-to-hand conflict. Three times, the army of Hernandez, having greatly superior numbers—they outnumbered the republicans five to one—tried to take Sylvestre's position by assault; and every time they were driven back with greater and greater slaughter. Had they possessed artillery and grape shot they would have gained the day, but the only artillery in the city of any special value were the guns protecting the presidential palace, a thing for which Sylvestre was very thankful.

That Thursday night reached the climax of horror for poor Paula. Exhausted and ready to collapse, she gave up all attempts at nursing the wounded and dying, and spent her time holding the hand of the old President, who was also near collapse, or gazing out of the window at the billowing flames to the north, which lighted up the sky with a horrid red glare. At this time the firing from the rifles and the cannon in the palace yard, and those on the gunboats, became perfectly deafening, and mixed with the roar of the flames made an indescribable confusion that all but drove one mad.

Then suddenly at about 11 o'clock, when she was kneeling and praying for the safety of her gallant young husband, the firing ceased in the palace yard, and she heard hurrahs, which sounded faint and far away in the general roar of noise. The Bragadistas making the attack on the palace and finding themselves attacked by John Mitchel's troops from the rear, who had been relieved by the incendiary fire from the Columbia, had suddenly surrendered.

In twenty minutes the cannon were thundering out of the palace yard and away to the west to support Sylvestre in his desperate defense. And in less than an hour they were thundering away on that new sector. That was two much for the traitors of the regular army who had followed the fortunes of Hernandez, and they made haste to depose their commander and declare themselves good republicans who had been misguided by lies and false reports. At daybreak the remnant of that army was in full retreat toward the west.

IN THE dawn a frightful figure broke into the presence of the Marchesa da Sao Vincente, where she was kneeling at her prayers of penitence. It was the former dandy, Dom Roderigues Hernandez. He was covered with mud and powder-stains, and his eyes were wild.

"All is lost, my love," were the first words he uttered. "If you stay here you will fall into the hands of your daughter's cousin, Sylvestre; and you may be sure that your punishment will be no smiling matter. As for me, I must fly. Let us fly together. I have plenty of money, deposited in a safe London bank. We will go to Europe and live happily in Paris or Lisbon."

"No!"

It was Sylvestre da Sao Vincente who spoke.

"Scoundrel," hissed that redoubtable warrior. "You shall fight me here and now." His face was covered with blood, his hair was in wild confusion, his fine clothing hung in tatters. He looked both heroic and ridiculous.

"I—I cannot fight!" quaked Hernandez. "I—I am a broken man."

"Coward," hissed the Marchesa. "See," she cried, "Dom Sylvestre da Sao Vincente, I throw myself upon your mercy."

And while she clasped the knees of her kinsman her lover escaped into the street, where he was shot that same morning by a republican trooper who happened to see him and recognize him.

At noon of that memorable Friday, John Mitchel and his wife Paula, having been together then less than a half hour, went on board the battleship Trinidad, and John Mitchel shook hands with his old friend, John Wise.

"You have saved our country," was the first thing he said.

"There'll be the devil to pay when Uncle Sam hears about it," was Wise's sheepish answer.

"Why, man, you'll be a national hero," insisted John. "Haven't you upheld the Monroe Doctrine?"

Then Paula, having been introduced, came forward and very graciously thanked the American for his wonderful aid, while the fat German women still on board swarmed about her and seemed to be overjoyed.

And in less than thirty minutes more the President's little pleasure launch ran out to where the silent fleet was lying. But the President climbed first to the deck of the gunboat Columbia, and there with the tears rolling down his honest cheeks thanked his old friend, Pietro Silvia, even before he went to thank the American.

And that night the noise of desultory firing died away far to the north and west. In a few days, while the army of the republic was being rapidly reorganized under the new national hero, Sylvestre da Sao Vincente, peace was restored except among the deepest jungles, where peace always comes slowly after a tribal outbreak.

Sylvestre had the Marchesa banished forever from the republic, but compelled her to live the rest of her life outside of Europe. He even forbade her to visit either Europe or Japan, under penalty of arrest and permanent imprisonment.

And two weeks later, when the navy, as well as the army, had been reorganized, and a factory for building the new Wise torpedo was already being laid out by an American engineer in the employ of the republic, John Mitchel and his young wife, Paula, sailed north in John Wise's yacht on their delayed honeymoon. As they passed Pirate Cape, on their way toward Key West, the girl gave an involuntary shudder to think of the many men that had died there, but John Wise was chuckling at what had taken place on that coast to teach the

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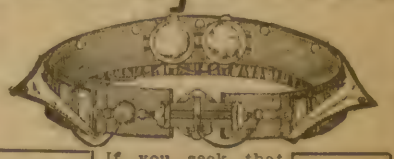

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Japs that the Monroe Doctrine was still a live doctrine in the hearts of loyal Americans.

"Tell me, Jean," asked Paula. "Was anything ever done about that horrible Voodoo convent?"

"It was destroyed," said John. "That horrible pit, and the secret passages leading to it, will be filled up. The new law will make it a death penalty to profess or practice the Voodoo religion."

"And that horrible Voodoo doctor, Toussaint, Buen's partner?"

"He was killed. I myself saw him dead."

"And the Jap, Catacara, whom they at last identified as Hishanuma's partner?"

"Ah, that dog! He has escaped. Whether into the interior or out of the country cannot be known just yet. But you may be sure your cousin Sylvestre will get him if he remains in New Portugal."

"And will the Japanese government make trouble for Mr. Wise for destroying their ship?"

"They may try to. Time will tell."

THE END.

The Devil's Pills

(Continued From Page 9)

began to wonder whether she really had anything to tell.

Another thing troubled him. He was beginning to remember her vaguely; and he was quite sure that his memory did not date back to any casual every-day meeting. There had been something vital about it, he was sure, something associated with an epoch in his life.

But he could not place it. Every possible suggestion that crept into his mind he at once dismissed. All of them seemed too preposterous. One thing, however, was borne in upon him. Recollection of his earlier meeting with her and discovery of her connection with Werder would come together. Somehow they were united. He was sure of it.

But how? He could not guess. Finally he half-closed his eyes and deliberately called back, one by one, the events in Werder's room just as he had lived thru them; and into each he tried to project Madame Ayesha's personality. Swiftly, like the scenes in a cinematograph, the shuttling pictures flitted before his mind's eye.

But still he could not remember.

Then abruptly Madame Ayesha leaned forward.

"Say! For the love of Mike," she cried. "What's the matter?"

"The matter?" The reporter stared amazedly. "Nothing," he answered. "Why?"

Madame Ayesha laughed.

"Don't you know?" she asked. "Then I'm dead sure something's the matter. See what you've done. Look."

Hatton's eyes followed her to where his own hand rested on the white tablecloth. In it were the remains of a rather fragile salt shaker that had been crumpled out of shape by the fervor of his grip.

Curiously he stared at his fingers, white, almost numb from the pressure. Then, abruptly, he recalled the time, not so long before, when he had gripped a fragment of wood with equal power.

LIKE a flash he leaned forward.

"Tell me," he flamed. "When did you bore that hole in the bottom of Werder's side door?"

The blood fled from the woman's cheeks, leaving them whiter than any chalk.

"You know?" she gasped.

"Yes! I know!" Hatton extended a shaking finger across the cloth. "You killed Werder?" he rasped.

"Hussah!" The color flooded back into the woman's face. "For God's sake, hush." Affrightedly she glanced about her at the glittering tables and the laughing diners. "Somebody'll hear you."

"Well! Why shouldn't they hear me?" Hatton pressed his advantage.

"Because—because—don't you know who Werder was? But, no? I reckon you don't. You were dead before he came into the story."

"Dead?" The reporter's face paled. Abruptly the mists that had blinded him rolled away. "You mean?" he gasped. "You—you were there?"

"Yes. I was there. You didn't notice me, of course. You weren't botherin' about me. Oh! I ain't blamin' you. I was only one of four and you didn't see me more'n a minute. And you had Miss Claire to think about. But I saw you; and—well, you looked like a life-preserver to me. I couldn't help noticin' and rememberin' you. And I never forgot you, even when I died, too. Oh! Yes! I did die. I had to die.

"No woman ever went thru what I went thru and lived to tell it. I did die! Afterwards—long afterwards—I came back to life. But I came back another woman. Oh! I can counterfeit and pretend. I've got to do both to earn my living. But I'm not the woman who died. I'm a different woman altogether. The first woman was good and kind, made so by 'her.'"

"Her!" The word was a cry.

"Yes! Her! She's dead, too. Didn't you know it?"

Hatton bowed his head.

"Yes, I knew it," he said. "But I never knew exactly how she died."

"You never will. That beast Werder could have told you—but he'll never tell anybody now. I can guess something; but I won't do it. I won't think of it—I don't want to go back to the madhouse. I was in it once; and when I got out I was an avenger and nothing else."

Hatton drew a long breath.

"So it was you who did bore that hole?" he began.

"Yes! It was I—I tortured Werder as he tortured me. But I didn't mean to kill him. And I didn't kill him—unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless 'it' did it. And 'it' could not have done it. I took every precaution. And yet somebody killed him, and 'it' never came back an' never was found." With a gasp the woman broke off. Then—"That ain't your news, is it?" she demanded. "'It' ain't been found it is?"

"Not by me." Hatton did not understand wholly, but he was guessing fast.

"And—and—the coroner said there were no wounds on the body of—that beast."

"He said so. But——"

"But what?"

"But when I came here tonight I saw Heber—the detective on the case, you know—I saw Heber looking at your posters in the lobby of the theater."

Shortly and sharply the woman laughed.

"Then 'it' has been found," she breathed.

"Perhaps! I don't know. And—don't be frightened now. I'm going to help you, for the sake of—you know who. What I'm going to say will be a shock, but—remember that we're going to beat Heber and all his tribe. Smile at me! Laugh! Don't let him suspect!"

"Him?"

The explanation was a gasp. But Ayesha's hand was steady as she raised her glass; and her lips curved in the set smile that becomes nature to the children of the stage.

"Good." Hatton's commendation was prompt. "Apply to me for a recommendation when you want a part to play tragedy. Heber is standing behind you watching us both. Your health, Madame."

The two clinked glasses. Ayesha drank deeply; and the color flooded back into her cheeks. Then she threw back her shoulders.

"After all," she said, with eyes and cheeks that laughed, but with a voice that rang like metal upon metal. "After all, if 'it' did kill him I am glad. And I am willing to pay if I must. But I did not mean to kill him. Bah! What is death? Nothing! You cold-blooded Americans think you have taken vengeance when you kill. But we—I and my people—we know it is better to let a man live and—suffer. And I made Werder suffer. God! Yes! I made him suffer. Day after day I watched him, and day after day I saw the lines in his face cut deeper and deeper. Oh! Yes! I saw them, and I'm glad I put them there. I'm so glad that I am willing to pay the penalty—to pay it to the last ounce. Say! We can't talk here. Come to my rooms—if that detective don't stop me. Come on. I'll tell you the whole story there—all that you don't know already. Come."

CHAPTER IV.

HATTON waked early the next morning. The Werder mystery haunted his dreams and drove him to work-a-day life the moment sleep had knit up his raveled body and freed him from the physical exhaustion that had claimed him the night before.

He had left Madame Ayesha very late—too late by far for him to hope to get her story into the morning Gazette. He had not even attempted to write the story, knowing that anything he might write would almost certainly be modified by the events of the coming day. Straight to his rooms he had gone and had dropped, fully dressed, upon his bed.

Nevertheless, he waked early. Eight o'clock saw him at breakfast and 9 o'clock saw him, with a copy of the Gazette in his hand, joining half a dozen other newspaper men who were waiting at the foot of the elevator in the Electroller Building, obviously to see and question Roswell Conway about the Gazette story.

Some one had put the fear of discharge into the elevator boy and he was deaf to all inquiries and protests.

"You gotta wait," was all he would say. "Mr. Conway'll send word."

Plainly Conway had read the Gazette story and was trying to decide what to say before he admitted questioners.

One of the reporters—the only one in the lot that Hatton knew—nodded to him as he came in, then drew him aside to chat.

"Say, Charley," he said. "You raised the devil with that story of yours."

"You mean the Cap. Collier-Vidocq-Sherlock story in the Gazette?" countered Hatton.

"I mean your story in the Gazette," returned the other, firmly. "But have it as you like. It's raised Cain, anyhow. I saw it early and hustled around here and caught Conway just coming from breakfast and showed it to him. He nearly had a fit. But he wouldn't talk. He fled to the elevator without saying a word except 'After while!' 'After while!' Later he sent down word that he'd see me at once. So I phoned the office and got orders to wait. Say, Charley, how in thunder did you get that story—some parts of it, I mean? You know which ones. They don't read like fake."

"They weren't fake. I was first on the ground, you know, and I got a peep behind the scenes. Of course a lot of the yarn was guesswork, but it's all substantially true—so far as it goes. I'll give you my word on that."

"You think Conway knows who shot at Werder from his window?"

Hatton laughed.

"That's the question," he returned. "My guess is that he doesn't—or didn't until after the shot was fired. Maybe he suspects now, but I'm not so sure."

"But what difference does it really make, anyhow. Werder wasn't shot. He wasn't even wounded."

"So the coroner says."

"Eh! You think——"

"I haven't made up my mind what to think. Of course Werder wasn't killed with an ice bullet. I never said he was. But he was shot at with something, which may have been ice. Anyhow, I'm dead sure that more than one person

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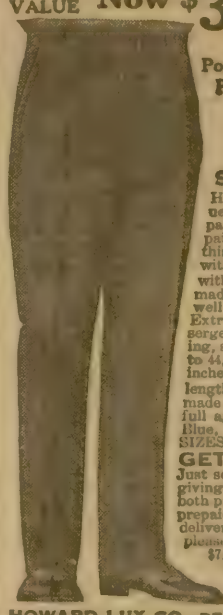

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wanted to kill him. I've got a story for tomorrow about one of them that all the wise boys will say is a fake. But it isn't a fake, tho told like one."

"Humph! Then you think the killing was a sort of a Black Hand affair?"

Charley shook his head slowly.

"No-o-o. I don't think that," he said. "I've got a line on a third person who does look sort of Black Handy, but there isn't any Black Hand business about my story for tomorrow. And as for this shooting-from-the-window yarn—well! We can't go much further with that till the coroner tells us what did kill Werner. Then——"

"Here's the elevator!" broke in the other. "Come along! Conway's evidently ready."

The elevator had, in fact, come down. The newspaper men crowded into it. Scarcely could Hatton and Foster find a place.

In his room on the sixth floor Russell Conway was awaiting them. Very plainly he had decided on his course.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said, heartily, as the reporters filed in. "Come in! Glad to see you. I'm sorry I had to keep you waiting, but this—er—dime-novel yarn required reflection."

"Is it really a dime-novel yarn?" Foster, the reporter who had been chatting with Hatton, asked the question.

Conway laughed with a spontaneity which if not genuine was certainly well-imitated.

"Well, yes," he answered. "I should say that it was. It certainly isn't newspaper work, and it isn't history, or essay, or literature, and there doesn't seem to be anything left but sheer dime-novelism. But, sit down, gentlemen."

The reporters sat down and waited for Conway to go on for Foster, their self-constituted spokesman, to ask another question. One of the first things a reporter learns is not to "kill" an interview by rushing the subject.

Conway did not keep them waiting.

"When I call it a dime novel," he went on, "I'm speaking of course of the way it's written. As a dime novel it is a very creditable piece of work. And it's got a whole lot of truth in it. Truth and fake are so intimately blended that it's hard to say which is which. At first I was startled, as Mr. Foster will tell you." He nodded at the newspaper man. "He showed me the story an hour or so ago, and I was more than startled. First I wanted to kill the man who wrote it. Then I wanted to sue the Gazette. Then I calmed down and laughed at the whole thing. Now what do you gentlemen want to know specifically?"

Foster took it upon himself to answer.

"The most important things," he said, "seem to be about yourself and this apartment. The Gazette says that you ran over to the Chimneystack Building. How about it?"

"You bet I was agitated! You'd have been, too, in my place. I'd been dickering for a ranch out in Dakota for Werder. I didn't seem able to get the terms fixed satisfactorily and Werder was getting restive. Day before yesterday he came here late, mad as hops, and wanted to call the deal off—said he was going away. Of course I protested and told him I expected an answer about the ranch any minute. Eventually I talked him 'round. He agreed to wait one more day. I took him out to dinner and to a show and got him better satisfied.

"But I was worried, and I stuck close here yesterday, waiting for that letter. It came about noon and said that the owners would accept Werder's offer for the property. That meant a commission of about five thousand dollars for me. Perhaps some of you young millionaires wouldn't be interested in a five-thousand-dollar commission—but I was."

The reporters grinned. Conway had grinned first and they naturally followed suit. But probably they would have grinned anyhow.

"DID the letter come by mail or by messenger?" asked Foster.

"Oh! By mail, of course."

"And it didn't contain any hint of possible danger to Werder?" persisted the reporter.

"Eh? Lord! No! Not a word. Here's the letter."

Conway searched in his pocket and produced a somewhat crumpled missive.

"Want to read it?"

He held it out.

Foster took it.

"I'll read it aloud, if you don't mind," he said. "'Dated, Mandan, North Dakota, February 1. Mr. Ross Conway, Electrolier Building, New York. Dear Sir: Please send deposit of one thousand dollars at once to bind the bargain. Remaining payments as proposed by you. Very truly yours, Charles H. Morton.' All typewritten except the signature."

Foster stopped, glanced at the names and dates once more, so as to impress them on his mind, and passed the letter to the man nearest to him.

Then he turned back to Conway.

"This seems to be conclusive," he said. "I guess you are right. I, for one, sure would hustle if somebody hung up five thousand dollars for me across the street. Your idea, then, as I understand it, is that as the letter came by ordinary mail no would-be assassin would have known that it was coming and have been watching and waiting for you to go out so as to get into your room and shoot Werder?"

Conway nodded.

"That's it exactly," he said. "The thing is too preposterous. It sounds well in a dime novel, but in real life things don't work out that way."

"But somebody fired that shot from your window?"

Conway's face grew grave.

"It does look that way," he admitted, frowningly. "Here! Come and look." He jumped up and led the way to one of the windows. "This seems to be the one," he went on, as the reporters clustered about him. "That's Werder's window just opposite. You can see the broken glass. Everything is just as it was yesterday, except that somebody has pushed up the upper sash. When I was in Werder's rooms the upper sash was down and the two holes were in a line. When I got home I looked out, of course, and I noticed that a line thru those two holes really did come straight to this window, just as the Gazette says. Since the upper sash has been raised it is, of course, much higher than the other. But the two holes are still in line vertically."

The newspaper men each squinted at the evidential panes. "How did the Gazette man find that out?" asked one of them.

"Search me! But I suppose he guessed it. The next window on the right is at the end of a corridor and I suppose the Gazette man looked out of it and risked a guess."

"Then the would-be assassin must have popped in here as soon as you went out and banged loose?" queried Foster.

But Conway shook his head.

"Ah! There I can't follow you," he demurred. "Nobody seems to know just when Werder's window really was broken. The elevator boy swears he washed it the day before and that it wasn't broken then. But of course he was frightened half out of his wits—and I guess he didn't have very many wits in the first place. I was out of here that day from 5 o'clock till after midnight—I took Werder out to paint the town, as I told you just now—and somebody could have broken in here at any time during those hours."

"Didn't you look at Werder's windows while you were waiting for the letter?" asked Foster.

"Sure I did. And I'm bound to admit that I didn't see any broken pane. But his blinds were down and I don't believe any break would show very well against them. So far as I can make out, there isn't any real evidence that the windows weren't broken long before Werder dropped dead."

"Got any ice bullets handy about the place, Mr. Conway?" questioned another of the reporters. "Do you keep 'em in a refrigerator on the premises?"

Once more Conway frowned.

"D—n it all," he exclaimed, irritably. "That's another thing that worries me. Look here!" He threw the window up. "Feel here below the sill," he directed, with his finger on the spot. "What do you find?"

The jesting reporter obeyed. Then, abruptly, his face changed.

"By George," he exclaimed. "I feel a 'lot of icicles as big around as my thumb."

"What else?" Conway's voice was tense. "Run your hand along the sill."

The reporter obeyed. Then:

"Gee! One of them's missing," he cried.

"Exactly. There were about a dozen in all—and one in the middle has been broken off. Was it the 'ice bullet?' Who broke it off and what did he do with it?"

Nobody spoke. Nobody needed to. The application was obvious. But at last the chubby reporter grinned.

"Say! For heaven's sake don't tell us any more, Mr. Conway," he pleaded. "Strange as it may seem we aren't looking for confirmation of that Gazette yarn. Our papers don't want to play up Gazette scoops. What we really want is some justification for ignoring the blame thing or for throwing it down."

"I guessed as much," returned Conway, dryly, "but it can't be helped, I'm afraid—except, of course, that Werder wasn't shot. That ought to help some. Of course, the icicle might have been broken off in a hundred ways. And as I said, the shot might have been fired hours before Werder's death. Anything else you want to ask, gentlemen?"

There seemed to be little. Except for half a dozen minor questions tending to elucidate points not quite clear in the minds of the interrogators, the answers to which threw no additional light on the main question, little more was said. With cheerful "good mornings" the reporters turned to the door.

All but Hatton. During the entire colloquy Charley had said nothing, tho his sharp eyes had taken in everything. When the others turned away he was standing by the mantel looking at a framed and glass-protected photograph. As the others started away he turned to Conway.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Conway," he said, in conversational tones. "The face in this photograph seems very familiar. May I ask whose it is?"

Conway's face darkened. He glanced at the other reporters, who, alert for possible developments, had halted at the threshold.

"That is a dear friend of mine, now dead," he answered, shortly, in tones that were plainly resentful.

"Oh!" Hatton put down the photograph. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Conway. The lady whom it recalled to me has also—passed away. Her death was—tragic. But I think now she sleeps well. Like Werder, the man who injured her is dead."

A shiver passed thru the reporters at the door. Their brows contracted in involuntary protest. Very plainly one and all of them considered Hatton's words to be in execrably bad taste. Even a reporter, inured to sensations as he is, dislikes to have one thrust upon him. Perhaps their own agitation prevented them from noticing the effect of Hatton's words on Conway.

An instant later the real estate man's expression had changed.

"Ah! I am sorry," he said, addressing Hatton. "May I ask your name, sir?"

"Hatton, of the Gazette."

"The Gazette? Ah!" Conway glanced at the pile of newspapers on the table. "Perhaps you wrote the story that appeared in the Gazette today?"

"I am associated with the man who wrote it," returned Charley, steadily. "I saw you at the Werder flat yesterday. I was the first reporter to get there, you remember."

"I see."

Conway did indeed begin to see. He

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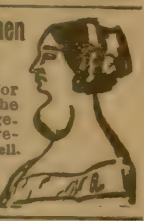

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saw, at least, that his words about Werder's body had been overheard. But he seemed to decide that the matter was unworthy of further inquiry.

"I am sorry your trouble should have been further recalled to you by the sight of my friend's likeness," he said, courteously. "Was your loss recent? Did the lady live in this part of the country?"

Charley nodded.

"Her sister lives in New Haven," he said. "By the way, I think I'll run down and see her tomorrow morning. Good morning, Mr. Conway; and thank you."

Leaving Conway staring uneasily, he followed the other reporters out of the room.

HALF an hour later, after making several miscellaneous inquiries, some of which were productive and others not, he strolled into the reporters' room at police headquarters.

The room was crowded. At least a score of reporters, regulars and specials, were firing questions at Detective Heber, who sat on one of the desks with his back to the door.

As Hatton entered Heber raised his hands.

"One at a time," he protested. "One at a time. Gee! You boys make me tired. This ain't any suffragette convention. Now, here, you"—he pointed a lean finger at one of the reporters—"what you wanter know?"

"I want to know about that ice bullet," returned the man addressed, promptly.

"Ah-h-h-h," Heber's groan expressed unbounded disgust. "Ice bullet nothing! There warn't any ice bullet. Where Hatton got that fool idea was out of one of those punk detective stories that was printed somewheres a year or two ago. Somebody in the story shot a girl with an icicle; and ever since then writing chumps have been using the idea. It's all blamed nonsense. I tried that icicle dope out myself months ago an' found there wasn't nothing to it—nothing at all. An ice bullet flies to pieces when it's shot out of a gun or a pistol—'cept in a dime novel or in a paper like the Gazette, of course."

"But there really were ice splinters on the floor!" protested the spokesman.

"Who says there was? Nobody but Charley Hatton. Naw! There warn't any ice splinters on the floor. There was glass, all right—and it's there yet."

"But something did break the window, didn't it?"

"Sure thing. An' it might have been a bullet from a pistol—I ain't sayin' it wasn't. But it's a lot more likely that it was a buckshot from a pea-shooter. Hatton runs over to the Electrolier Building and squints at Werder's windows and dopes it out that a line from Werder's thru the two holes will hit near about Conway's windows. That's too darn good a coincidence for the blithering idiot to let go. It never occurs to him that a boy with a pea-shooter in the street below could make those holes easy. A pea-shooter don't shoot straight like a pistol; it shoots in a curve. Ten to one it was some fool boy that did it."

"What does Conway say?"

"Conway?" Evidently Heber had not heard what Conway had said to the newspaper man half an hour before. "Conway's mad as hops," he asserted. "Says he's going to sue the Gazette for libel. He'll get big damages, too. And he'll deserve them. It's a d—n shame to let a paper like the Gazette libel decent people like Conway. Aw! It makes me mad to talk about it. If anybody had been shot there might be some excuse. But nobody was. There ain't a mark on Werder's body. This shooting business is just cooked up. And I ain't even sure that that window wasn't broken the night before or sooner. That elevator boy ain't got sense enough to know when he did wash them windows last."

The other men had discovered by this time that Hatton was in the room. None of them spoke of it; in fact, each of them, after a glance at the young fellow, averted his eyes and pretended not to see him. Each realized that this was Charley's fight and was perfectly willing to let him conduct it in his own way. Newspaper men are one of the most clannish bodies in the world; and at the same time are about the most sportsmanlike.

Nevertheless, the air of the room had grown tense and tenser as Heber spoke; and at last the detective noticed it. Sharply he broke off and swung around. Then:

"Hello!" he snarled. "Look who's here. Come down to teach us how to solve mysteries, Sherlock, Jr.?"

Charley met the other's sarcasm with a grin.

"No," he answered. "Now! It's too tough a job for me! I can't teach you fellows anything. I'll leave the job to old Cap. Collier-Vidocq-Holmes. Say, Heber. Between you and me, didn't our pet sleuth scoop thunder out of all of us this morning?"

The detective colored angrily.

"With that rot?" he retorted. "You ought to get run in for printin'——"

"Me? Say, you don't think I write that Cap.-Collier-and-the-rest-of-it stuff, do you? Thank you a whole lot. I only wish to thunder I could. But say, haven't you really run down the man that brought that letter to Russell Conway yesterday?"

"Didn't nobody bring it. It came by mail."

"Oh! did it?"

"Yes! It did."

Charley shook his head sadly.

"I'm afraid you'd be too tough a job for even our Sherlock Holmes to educate, Heber," he remarked, mournfully. "But I'll give you a tip. Chase around to the postoffice and study the hours at which the letter carriers are due at the Electrolier Building and find out when the mails from North Dakota got to New York yesterday. Then maybe you'll be able to figure out how a letter from there was delivered to Conway two hours before it got to New York by a carrier who wasn't in the building until an hour after the time when Conway charged over to Werder's rooms, hotfoot, to grab off his five thousand dollars. Get me? All right. Ta! Ta! Old man! Ta! Ta!"

It now looks rather bad for Russell Conway, the reader must admit. Because, if Hatton's discovery concerning the Mandan letter can be substantinted by official postoffice figures—and doubtlessly they can be or have been—Conway surely had some other reason for rushing over to the Chimneystack Apartments a moment before Werder was killed—or died. However, leave it to the reporter-detective to clear up these mysteries to the satisfaction of all. Another big installment of the story next week.

Concluding

Wolves of the Sea

By Randall Parrish

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

HE LAUGHED again, the sound so insane Haines gripped my sleeve in terror.

"That chit! bah, what do I care for her but as a plaything. No, my hate runs deeper than that. How came you here—in the boat stolen from the Namur?"

"No, Captain Sanchez. The day after we left the ship, we boarded a schooner found adrift, the crew stricken with cholera, with not a man left alive on deck, or below. She lies yonder now."

"A schooner! What name?"

"The Santa Maria—a slaver."

"Merciful God!" and his eyes fairly blazed into mine, as he suddenly forced his body upward in the bunk. "The Santa Maria adrift! the crew dead from cholera? And the Captain—Paradilla, Francis Paradilla—what of him?"

"He lay alone on a divan in the cabin—dead also."

He tried to speak, but failed, his fingers clawing at his throat. When he finally gained utterance once more, it was but a whisper.

"Tell me," he begged, "there was no woman with him?"

I stared back into the wild insanity of his eyes, trying to test my words, suddenly aware that we were upon the edge of tragedy, perhaps uncovering the hidden secret of this man's life.

"There was no woman," I said gravely, "on deck or in the cabin."

"What mean you by saying that? There was one on board! Don't lie to me! In an hour I am dead—but first tell me the truth. Does the woman live?"

"No, she died before. We found her body in a chest, preserved by some devilish Indian art, richly dressed, and decked with jewels."

"English?"

"I judged her so, but with dark hair and eyes. You knew her?"

"In the name of all the fiends, yes. And I knew her end. He killed her—Paradilla killed her—because she was as false to him as she had been to me. But it is strange you should be the one to find her—to bring me this tale, Geoffry Carlyle!"

"Why? What is it to me?"

"Because she is of your line—do you know her now?"

"No; nor believe it true."

"Then I will make you; 'tis naught to me any more; for I am dead within the hour. You go back to England, and tell him; tell the Duke of Bucclough how his precious sister died."

"His sister! Good God, you cannot mean that woman was Lady Sara Carlyle?"

"Who should know better than I?" sneeringly. "Once I was called in England, Sir John Collinswood."

He sank back, exhausted, struggling for breath, but with eyes glowing hatred. I knew it all now, the dimly remembered story coming vividly back to memory. Here then was the ending of the one black stain on the family honor of our race. On this strange coast, three thousand miles from its beginning, the final curtain was being rung down, the drama finished.

The story had come to me in whispers from others, never even spoken about by those of our race—a wild, headstrong girl, a secret marriage, a duel in the park, her brother desperately wounded, and then the disappearance of the pair.

Ten days later it was known that Sir John Collinswood had defaulted in a large sum—but, from that hour, England knew him no more. As tho the sea had swallowed them both, man and woman disappeared, leaving no trace.

The face I gazed dumbly into was drawn, and white with pain, yet the thin lips grinned back at me in savage derision.

"You remember, I see," he snarled.

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"Then to h—l with you out of here, Geoffry Carlyle. Leave me to die in peace. The gold is there; take it, and my curse upon it. Hurry now—do you hear the bark grate on the rocks; it's near the end."

CHAPTER XXXIII.
BEFORE THE GOVERNOR.

THE sound startled me; I imagined I heard the keel slipping, yet before we had reached the door opening on deck, the slight movement ceased. My hand gripped the frightened Haines.

"Tell them in the boat to do as I said; then come back here."

"My God, sir, she's a goin' down."

"Not for some minutes yet. There are thousands of pounds in that chest; you've risked life for less many a time. Jump, my man!"

The boat lay in close, bobbing up and down dangerously, yet firmly beneath the opened port. Pierre warped her in with a rope's end, leaving the other two free to receive the box, as we cautiously passed it out within grasp of their hands. It was heavy enough to tax the strength of two men to handle it, but of a size and shape permitting its passage.

Sanchez had raised himself again, and clung there to the edge of the bunk watching us. Even in the darkness caused by the chest obscuring the port, I felt the insane glare of his eyes fastened upon me. Once he attempted to speak, but his voice failed him.

"Now, let down easy, lads," I called. "No, place it amidships; get it even, or you go over. Wrap your line about the thwart, Pierre, and take a hand. Ay! that's better. Watch out, now; we'll drop this end—Lord, but I thought it was gone! Fix it to ride steady, and stand by—we'll pass a wounded man out to you!"

I stepped across to Sanchez, slushing thru the water, and barely able to keep my feet. No matter who the brute was, he could not be left there to die like a rat alone. Willingly, or not, the fellow must be removed before the bark went down. He saw me coming, and drew back, his ghastly face like a mask.

"No, you don't, Carlyle!" he snapped angrily. "Keep your hands off me. So you want me to die with my neck in a noose, do you? Well, you'll never see that sight. I was a born gentleman, and I'll die like one—and go down with my ship. Get out of here now—both of you! You won't? H—l's fire, but you will, or else die here with me! I'll give you a minute to make your choice."

He left no doubt as to his meaning, his purpose. From somewhere beneath the blanket, the long, black muzzle of a pistol looked straight into my eyes. The hand holding it was firm, the face fronting me savagely sardonic.

"I'd like to kill you, Carlyle," he hissed hatefully. "By God, I don't know why I shouldn't, the devils in h—l would laugh if I did—so don't tempt me too far. Get out of here! Every time I look at you I see her face. If you take a step nearer I pull the trigger—go!"

I heard Haines scrambling back up the sharp incline of deck, and realized the utter uselessness of attempting to remain. Any instant might be our last; the man, crazed, and probably dying, would kill me gladly. He had chosen his fate—what was it to me? I turned, and worked my way upward to the companion steps, half expecting every instant to be struck by a bullet from behind. At the door I paused to glance below; thru the semi-darkness I could see his eyes glaring at me like those of a wild beast.

"You refuse still to let me aid you, Sanchez?"

"To hell with you! Leave me alone!"

It was a hard pull back to the Santa Marie, for the sea had grown noticeably heavier, while the weight of the chest sank the boat so deeply in the water, as to retard progress and keep one man bailing. The cloud in the southwest had already assumed threatening proportions, and I urged the oarsmen to greater exertions, anxious to get aboard before the coming storm broke.

It was hard to keep my gaze from the doomed Namur, but I could detect no change in her position, as we drew in toward the waiting schooner. Harwood alone questioned me, and I told him briefly what had occurred within the cabin, and his comment seemed to voice the sentiment of the others.

"He made a bloomin' good choice, sir. That's how the ol' devil ought ter die—the same way he's sent many another. It beats hangin' at that."

Dorothy greeted me first, and we stood close together at the rail, as the men hoisted the chest on deck, and then fastened the tackle to the boat. She said nothing, asked nothing, but her hands clung to my arm, and whenever I turned toward her, our eyes met.

I didn't find the courage to tell her then what we had found aboard the Namur, altho I could not prevent my own eyes from wandering constantly toward the doomed vessel. The rising sea was slapping the submerged stern with increasing violence, the salt spray rising in clouds over the after rail. Watkins approached us, coming from among the group of sailors forward.

"There's a smart bit of wind in those clouds, sir," he said respectfully, "an' I don't like the look o' the coast ter leeward. Shall we trim sail?"

"Not quite yet, Watkins. It will be some time before the gale strikes here. The bark is going down, presently."

"Yes, sir; but the men better stand by." He glanced from my face to that of the girl, lowering his voice. "Harwood tells me Sanchez was aboard, sir, and refused to leave?"

"Very true; but he was dying; no doubt is dead by now. There was nothing to be done for him."

"I should say not, Mr. Carlyle. I wouldn't lift a finger ter save him frum h—l."

There was a sudden cry forward, and a voice shouted:

"There she goes, buckies! That Dutchman's done with. That's the last o' the Namur!"

I turned swiftly, my hand grasping her fingers as they clung to the rail. With a rasping sound, clearly distinguished across the intervening water, as tho every timber cried out in agony to the strain, the battered hulk slid downward, the deck breaking amidships as the stern splashed into the depths; then that also toppled over, leaving nothing above water except the blunt end of a broken bow-sprit, and a tangle of wreckage, tossed about on the crest of the waves. I watched breathlessly, unable to utter a sound; I could only think of that stricken man in the cabin, those wild eyes which had threatened me. He was gone now—gone! Watkins spoke.

"It's all over, sir."

"Yes, there is nothing to keep us here any longer," I answered still dazed, but realizing I must arouse myself. "Shake out the reef in your mainsail, and we'll get out to sea. Who is at the wheel?"

"Schmitt, sir—what is the course, Captain Carlyle?"

"Nor'west, by nor', and hold on as long as you can."

"Ay, ay, sir; nor'west by nor' she is."

I yet held Dorothy's hand tightly clasped in my own, and the depths of her uplifted eyes questioned me.

"We will go aft, dear, and I will tell you the whole story," I said, gently, "for now we are homeward bound."

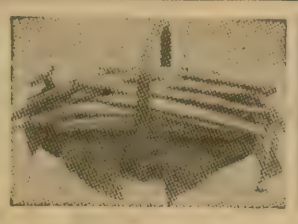
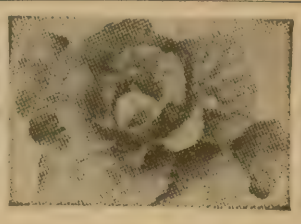
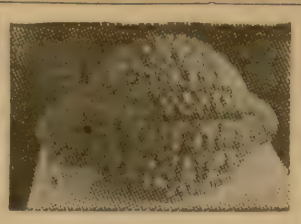
* * * * * * * *

I WRITE these few closing lines a year later, in the cabin of the Ocean Spray, a three master, full to the hatches with a cargo of tobacco, bound for London, and a market. Dorothy is on deck, eagerly watching for the first glimpse of the chalk cliffs of old England. I must join her presently, yet linger below to add these final sentences.

There is, after all, little which needs to be said. The voyage of the Santa Marie north proved uneventful, and, after that first night of storm, the weather held pleasant, and the sea fairly smooth. I had some trouble with the men, but nothing serious, as Watkins and Harwood held as I did, and the pledge of Dorothy's influence brought courage. I refused to open the chest, believing our safety, and chance of pardon, would depend largely on our handing this over in good faith to the authorities. Watkins and I guarded it night and day, until the schooner rounded the Cape and came into the Chesapeake. No attempt was made to find quarters below, the entire crew sleeping on deck, Dorothy comfortable on the flag locker.

It was scarcely, sunrise on the fifth day, when we dropped anchor against the current of the James, our sails furled, and the red English colors flying from the peak. Two hours later the entire company were in the presence of the Governor, where I told my story, gravely listened to, supplemented by the earnest plea of the young woman.

I shall never forget that scene, or how breathlessly we awaited the decision of the great man, who so closely watched our faces. They were surely a strange, rough group as they stood thus, hats in hand, waiting to learn their fate, shaggy-haired, unshaven, largely scum of the sea, never before in such presence, shuffling uneasily before his glance,

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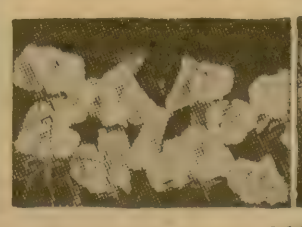
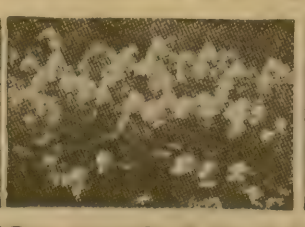
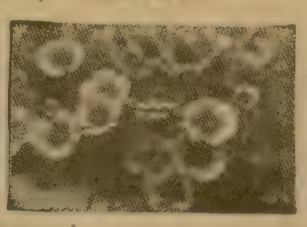

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feeling to the full the peril of their position. Their eyes turned to me questioningly.

Opposite us, behind a long table, sat the Governor, dignified, austere, his hair powdered, and face smoothly shaven; while on either side of him were those of his council, many of the faces stern and unforgiving. But for their gracious reception of Dorothy, and their careful attention to her words, I should have lost heart.

They questioned me shrewdly, altho the Governor spoke but seldom, and then in a kindly tone of sympathy and understanding. One by one the men were called forward, each in turn compelled to tell briefly the story of his life; and when all was done the eyes of the Governor sought those of his council.

"You have all alike heard the tale, gentlemen," he said. "Nothing like it hath ever before been brought before this colony. Would you leave decision to me?"

There was a murmur of assent, as tho they were thus gladly relieved of responsibility in so serious a matter. The Governor smiled, his kindly eyes surveying us once more; then, with extended hand he bade Dorothy be seated.

"The story is seemingly an honest one," he said slowly, "and these seamen have done a great service to the Colony. They deserve reward rather than punishment. The fair lady who pleads for them is known to us all, and to even question her word is impossible. Unfortunately I have not the power of pardon in cases of piracy, nor authority to free bond slaves, without the approval of the home government; yet will exercise in this case whatsoever of power I possess. For gallant services rendered to the Colony, and unselfish devotion to Mistress Dorothy Fairfax, I release Geoffry Carlyle from servitude, pending advices from England; I also grant parole to these seamen, on condition they remain within our jurisdiction until this judgment can be confirmed, and full pardons issued. Is this judgment satisfactory, gentlemen?"

The members of the council bowed gravely, without speaking.

"The chest of treasure recovered from the sunken pirate ship," he went on soberly, "will remain unopened until final decision is made. As I understand, Master Carlyle, no one among you has yet seen its contents, or estimated its value?"

"No, your Excellency. Beyond doubt it contains the gold stolen from Roger Fairfax; and possibly the result of other robberies at sea."

"The law of England is that a certain percentage of such recovered treasure belongs to the crown, the remainder, its true ownership undetermined, to be fairly divided among those recovering it."

"Yet," spoke up Dorothy quickly, "it must surely be possible to waive all claim in such cases?"

"Certainly; as private property it can be disposed of in any way desired. Was that your thought?"

"A Fairfax always pays his debt," she said proudly, "and this is mine."

There was a moment's silence as tho each one present hesitated to speak. She had risen, and yet stood, but with eyes lowered to the floor. Then they were lifted, and met mine, in all frank honesty.

"There is another debt I owe," she said clearly, "and would pay, your Excellency."

"What it that, fair mistress?"

She crossed to me, her hand upon my arm.

"To become the wife of Geoffry Carlyle."

THE END.

Tangled Trails

(Continued From Page 13.)

much from the bank that day."

"I had it figured out so. If the woman hadn't come at him with that acid tongue of hers he'd intended to buy Hull off cheap. But she got his gorge up. He wouldn't stand for her line of talk."

"What took place then?" the cattleman questioned.

"Still without rising from the chair, Cunningham ordered them to get out. Hull was standin' kinda close to him. He had his back to me. Cunningham reached out an' opened a drawer of the stand beside him. The fat man took a step forward. I could see his gun flash in the light. He swung it down on yore uncle's head an' the old man crumpled up."

"So it was Hull killed him, after all," Kirby said, drawing a long breath of relief.

Then, to his surprise when he thought about it later, a glitter of malicious cunning lit in the eyes of the rancher.

"That's what I'm tellin' you. It was Hull. I stood there an' saw just what I've been givin' you."

"Was my uncle senseless then?"

"You bet he was. His head sagged clear over against the back of the chair."

"What did they do then?"

"That's where I drop out. Mrs. Hull stepped straight to the window. I crouched down back of the railin'. It was dark an' she didn't see me. She pulled the blind down. I waited there awhile an' afterward there was the sound of a shot. That would be when they sent the bullet thru the old man's brain."

"What did you do?"

"I didn't know what to do. I'd talked a lot of wild talk about how Cunningham ought to be shot or strung up to a pole. If I went to the police with my story, like enough they'd light on me as the killer. I milled the whole thing over. After a while I went into a public booth downtown an' phoned to the police. You recollect maybe the papers spoke about the man who called up headquarters with the news of Cunningham's death."

"Yes, I recollect that all right."

Kirby did not smile. He did not explain that he was the man. But he resolved to find out whether two men had notified the police of his uncle's death. If not, Olson was lying in at least one detail. He had a suspicion that the man had not given him the whole truth. He was telling part of it, but he was holding back something. A sly and furtive look in his eyes helped to build this impression in the mind of the man who listened to the story.

"You didn't actually see Hull fire the shot that killed my uncle, then?"

Olson hesitated, a fraction of a second. "No."

"You don't know that it was he that fired it."

"No, it might 'a' been the woman. But it ain't likely he handed her the gun to do it with, is it? For that matter I don't know that the crack over the head didn't kill Cunningham. Maybe it did."

"That's all you saw?"

Again the almost imperceptible hesitation. Then, "That's all," the Dry Valley rancher said sullenly.

"What kind of a gun was it?" Kirby asked.

"Too far away. Couldn't be sure."

"Big as a .45?"

"Couldn't 'a' been. The evidence was that it was done with an automatic."

"The evidence was that the wound in the head was probably made by a bullet from an automatic. We're talkin' now about the blow on the head."

"What are you drivin' at?" the rancher asked, scowling. "He wouldn't bring two different kinds of guns with him. That's a cinch."

"No; but we haven't proved yet he fired the shot you heard later. The chances are all that he did, but legally we have no evidence that somebody else didn't do it."

"I guess a jury would be satisfied he fired it all right."

"Probably. It looks bad for Hull. Don't you think you ought to go to the police with your story? Then we can have Hull arrested. They'll give him the third degree. My opinion is he'll break down under it and confess."

Olson consented with obvious reluctance, but he made a condition precedent to his acceptance. "Le's see Hull first, just you 'n' me. I ain't strong for the police. We'll go to them when we've got an open an' shut case."

Kirby considered. This story didn't wholly fit the facts as he knew them. For instance, there was no explanation in it of how the room where Cunningham was found murdered had become saturated with the odor of chloroform. Nor was it in character that Hull should risk firing a gun, the sound of which might bring detection on him, while his victim lay helpless before him. Another blow or two on the skull would have served his purpose noiselessly. The cattleman knew from his observation of this case that the authorities had a way of muddling things. Perhaps it would be better to wait until the difficulties had been smoothed out before going to them.

"That suits me," he said. "We'll tackle Hull when his wife isn't with him. He goes downtown every day about 10 o'clock. We'll pick him up in a taxi, run him out into the country somewhere, an' put him over the jumps. The sooner the quicker. How about tomorrow morning?"

"Suits me, too. But will he go with us?"

"He'll go with us," Kirby said quietly.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT.

FROM ten thousand bulbs the moving picture houses of Curtis street were flinging a glow upon the packed sidewalks when Kirby came out of the hotel and started uptown.

He walked to the Wyndham, entered, and slipped up the stairs of the rooming-house unnoticed. From the third story he ascended by a ladder to the flat roof. He knew exactly what he had come to investigate. From one of the windows of the fourth floor at the Paradox he had noticed the clothesline which stretched across the Wyndham roof from one corner to another. He went straight to one of the posts which supported the rope. He made a careful study of this, then walked to the other upright support and examined the knots which held the line fast here.

"I'm some good little guesser," he murmured to himself as he turned back to the ladder and descended to the floor below.

He moved quietly along the corridor to the fire escape and stepped out upon it. Then, very quickly and expertly, he coiled a rope which he took from a paper parcel that had been under his arm. At one end of the coil was a loop. He swung this lightly round his head once or twice to feel the weight of it. The rope snaked forward and up. Its loop dropped upon the stone abutment he had noticed when he had been examining the exteriors of the buildings with Cole Sanborn. It tightened when he gave a jerk.

Kirby climbed over the railing and swung himself lightly out into space. A moment, and he was swaying beside the fire escape of the Paradox Hotel. He caught the iron rail and pulled himself to the platform.

By chance the blind was down. There was no light within, but after

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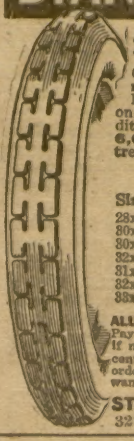

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his eyes had become used to the darkness he tried to take a squint at the room from the sides of the blind. The shade hung an inch or two from the window frame, so that by holding his eye close he could get more than a glimpse of the interior.

He tapped gently on the glass. The lights inside flashed on. From one viewpoint he could see almost half the room. He could go to the other side of the blind and see most of the other half.

A man sat down in a chair close to the opposite wall, letting his hands fall on the arms. A girl stood in front of him and pointed a paper-knife at his head, holding it as tho it were a revolver. The head of the man fell sideways.

Kirby tapped on the window pane again. He edged up the sash and stepped into the room.

The young woman turned to him eagerly, a warm glow in her shell-pink cheeks. "Well?" she inquired.

"Worked out fine, Rose," Kirby said. "I could see the whole thing."

"Still, that don't prove anything," the other man put in. He belonged to the staff of the private detective agency with which Kirby was dealing.

The Wyoming man smiled. "It proves my theory is possible. Knowing Olson, I'm willin' to gamble he didn't sit still on the fire escape an' let that drawn blind shut him off from what was goin' on inside. He was one mighty interested observer. Now he must 'a' known there was a clothesline on the roof. From the street you can see a washin' hangin' out there any old time. In his place I'd 'a' hopped up to the roof an' got that line. Which is exactly what he did, I'll bet. The line had been tied to the posts with a lot of knots. He hadn't time to untie it. So he cut the rope. It's been spliced out since by a piece of rope of a different kind."

"How do you know that's been done since?" the detective asked.

"A fair question," Kirby nodded. "I don't. I'll find out about that when I talk with the landlady of the Wyndham. If I'm right you can bet that cut rope has puzzled her some. She can't figure out why any one would cut her rope down an' then leave it there."

"If you can show me her rope was cut that night, I'll say you're right," the detective admitted. "And if you are right, then the Swede must 'a' been right here when your uncle was killed."

"May have been," Kirby corrected. "We haven't any authentic evidence yet as to exactly when my uncle was killed. We're gettin' the time narrowed down. It was between 9:30 and 9:50. We know that."

"How do you know that?" the professional sleuth asked. "Accordin' to your story you didn't get into the apartment until after 10 o'clock. It might 'a' been done any time up till then."

The eyes of Kirby and Rose met. They had private information about who was in the rooms from about 9:55 till 10:10.

The cattleman corrected his statement. "All right, say between 9:30 and 10:05. During that time Hull may have shot my uncle. Or Olson may have opened the window while my uncle lay there helpless, killed him, stepped outa the window again, an' slipped down by the fire escape. All he'd have to do then would be to walk into the Wyndham, replace the rope on the roof, an' next mornin' leave for Dry Valley."

The detective nodded. "If he cut the rope. Lemme find out from the landlady whether it was cut that night."

"Good. We'll wait for you at the corner."

Ten minutes later the detective joined them in front of the drug store where they were standing. The hard eyes in his cold gambler's face were lit up for once.

"I'll say the man from Missouri has been shown," he said. "I let on to the dame at the Wyndham that I was after a gang of young sneak thieves in the neighborhood. Pretty soon I drifted her to the night of the twenty-third—said they'd been especially active that night and had used a rope to get into a second story of a building. She woke up. Her clothesline on the roof had been cut that very night. She remembered the night on account of its being the one when Mr. Cunningham was killed. Could the boys have used it to get into the store an' then brought it back? I thought likely."

"Bully! We're one step nearer than we were. We know Olson was lookin' in the window from the fire escape just outside."

The detective slapped his thigh. "It lies between Hull and the Swede. That's a cinch."

"I believe it does," agreed Rose.

Kirby made no comment. He seemed to be absorbed in speculations of his own. The detective was reasoning from a very partial knowledge of the facts. He knew nothing about the relations of James Cunningham to his uncle, nor even that the younger Cunninghams—or at least one of them—had been in his uncle's apartment the evening of his death. He did not know that Rose had been there. Wherefore his deductions, even tho they had the benefit of being trained ones, were of slight value in this case.

"Will you take the key back to the Chief of Police?" Kirby asked him as they separated. "Better not tell him who was with you or what we were doin'."

"I'm liable to tell him a whole lot," the detective answered with a heavy irony. "I'm figurin' on runnin' down this murderer myself if any one asks you."

"Wish you luck," Kirby said with perfect gravity.

CHAPTER XXXVI.
A RIDE IN A TAXI.

KIRBY was quite right when he said that Hull would go with them. He was on his way downtown when the taxi caught him at Fourteenth and Welton. The cattleman jumped out from the machine and touched the fat man on the arm as he was waddling past.

"We want you, Hull," he said.

A shadow of fear flitted over the shallow eyes of the land agent, but he attempted at once to bluster. "Who wants me? Whadjawant me for?"

"I want you—in that cab. The man who saw you in my uncle's room the night he was killed is with me. You can either come with us now an' talk this thing over quietly or I'll hang on to you an' call for a policeman. It's up to you. Either way is agreeable to me."

Beads of perspiration broke out on the fat man's forehead. He dragged from his left hip pocket the familiar bandanna handkerchief. With it he dabbed softly at his mottled face. There was a faint, a very faint, note of defiance in his voice as he answered.

"I dunno as I've got any call to go with you. I wasn't in Cunningham's rooms. You can't touch me—can't prove a thing on me."

"It won't cost you anything to make sure of that," Kirby suggested in his low, even tones. "I'm payin' for the ride."

"If you got anything to say to me, right here's a good place to onload it."

The man's will was wobbling. The cattleman could see that.

"Can't talk here, with a hundred people passin'. What's the matter, man? What are you afraid of? We're not goin' to hit you over the head with the butt of a six-shooter."

Hull flung at him a look of startled terror. What did he mean? Or was there anything significant in the last sentence? Was it just a shot in the dark?

"I'll go on back to the Paradox. If you want to see me, why, there's as good a place as any."

"We're choosin' the place, Hull, not you. You'll either step into that cab or into a patrol wagon."

Their eyes met and fought. The shallow, protuberant ones wavered. "Oh, well, it ain't worth chewin' the rag over. I reckon I'll go with you."

He stepped into the cab. At sight of Olson he showed both dismay and surprise. He had heard of the threats the Dry Valley man had been making. Was he starting on a journey the end of which would be summary vengeance?

A glance at Lane's face reassured him. This young fellow would be no accomplice at murder. Yet the chill at his heart told him he was in for serious trouble.

He tried to placate Olson with a smile and made a motion to offer his hand. The Scandinavian glared at him.

The taxicab swung down Fourteenth, across the viaduct to Lake Place, and from it to Federal Boulevard.

Hull moistened his lips with his tongue and broke the silence. "Where we goin'?" he asked at last.

"Where we can talk without bein' overheard," Kirby answered.

The cab ran up the steep slope to Inspiration Point and stopped there. The men got out.

"Come back for us in half an hour," the cattleman told the driver.

In front and below them lay the beautiful valley of Clear Creek. Beyond it were the foothills, and back of them the line of the Front Range stretching from Pike's Peak at the south up the Wyoming line. Grey's and Long's and Mount Evans stood out like giant sentinels in the clear sunshine.

Hull looked across the valley nervously and brought his eyes back with a jerk. "Well, what's it all about? Whatjawant?"

"I know now why you lied at the inquest about the time you saw me on the night my uncle was killed," Kirby told him.

"I didn't lie. Maybe I was mistaken. Any man's liable to make a mistake."

"You didn't make a mistake. You deliberately twisted your story so as to get me into my uncle's apartment forty minutes or so earlier than I was. Your reason was a good one. If I was in his rooms at the time he was shot, that let you out completely. So you tried to lie me into the death cell at Canon City."

Hull's bandanna was busy. "Nothin' like that. I wouldn't play no such trick on any man. No, sir."

"You wouldn't, but you did. Don't stall, Hull. We've got you right."

The rancher from Dry Valley broke in venomously. "You bet we have, you rotten crook. I'll pay you back proper for that deal you an' Cunningham slipped over on me. I'm gonna put a rope round yore neck for it. I sure am. Why, you big fat stiff, I was standin' watchin' you when you knocked out Cunningham with the butt of yore gun."

From Hull's red face the color fled. He teetered for a moment on the balls of his feet, then sank limply to the cement bench in front of him. He tried to gasp out a denial, but the words would not come. In his throat there was only a dry rattle.

He heard, as from a long distance, Lane's voice addressing him.

"We've got it on you, Hull. Come thru an' come clean."

"I—I—I swear to God I didn't do it—didn't kill him," he gasped at last.

"Then who did—yore wife?" demanded Olson.

"Neither of us. I—I'll tell you-all the whole story."

"Do you know who did kill him?" Kirby persisted.

"I come pretty near knowin,' but I didn't see it done."

"Who, then?"

"Yore cousin—James Cunningham."

For concluding chapters of "Tangled Trails" see next week's Ledger.

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Riddle-me-ree.

249—My first is in good, but not in bad;
My second in graceful and also glad;
My third in fame, but not renown;
My fourth in forest, not in town;
My fifth in wasp, but not in bee;
And thru my whole you now can see.

Decapitations.

250—1. I am the reverse of falsehood; behead me and I am the heroine of a Bible story.

2. I float at random; behead me and I do the same.

3. I support; behead me and I run away.

4. I boast about myself; behead me and I am tattered cloth.

5. I am an invasion; behead me and I give help.

6. I am a mark in the skin; behead me and I am a conveyance.

7. I exclaim to an animal; behead me and I am the animal.

8. I am a vixen; behead me and I am chilly.

9. I am a kind of nail with a spiral thread; behead me and I am a gang.

10. I am a dark color; behead me and I am in need.

Girls' Names Jumbled.

251—1. Riethra. 6. Dasornom.
2. Naelo. 7. Habret.
3. Naetetej. 8. Nehipesoj.
4. Lispliarc. 9. Cagari.
5. Vainvi. 10. Neupali.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

246—Enigmatical Botany.

Pink, rose (rows), backelor's buttons, tulips (two lips), sheep, sorrel, snowball, lady slipper, four o'clock, dandelion, bleeding heart.

247—Whimsical Words.

1. Rode, road, rowed. 2. Air, heir, ere. 3. Ate, eight. 4. Feat, feet. 5. Read, red. 6. Right, rite.

248—Four-word Square.

B R A Y
R U L E
A L T A
Y E A R

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

HOW TO HEAL LEG SORES.

A new illustrated book sent free to readers by the successful specialist, Dr. H. J. Whittier, Suite 108, 421 East 11th St., Kansas City, Mo., tells how to be rid of Leg Sores and Varicose Ulcers without pain or knife by using his unique discovery, result of 32 years specializing. Write for your free copy today.—Adv.

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS

No. 1299.—Boys' Blouse. Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 32-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 1205.—Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yards 32-inch white material with 3 yards 32-inch figured material. Price 12 cents.

No. 1035.—Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 32-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 1075.—Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 1200.—Ladies' Blouse. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1¼ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard binding. Price 12 cents.

No. 1285.—Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 1293.—Girls' Middy Dress. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards 36-inch material with ⅝ yard 30-inch dark material for blouse and 1¾ yards 36-inch material for skirt. Price 12 cents.

No. 1078.—Boys' Suit. Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards 36-inch striped material with 1⅛ yards 36-inch plain material. Price 12 cents.

No. 9819.—Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch material with ⅞ yard 36-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

ORDER BLANK FOR LEDGER PATTERNS.

Chicago Ledger Pattern Dept., 230 South Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

Inclosed find..... Send me the Patterns listed below:

Pattern number ..... Size ..... Price 12 cents.

Pattern number ..... Size ..... Price 12 cents.

Name .....

Street or P. O. Box.....

Town..... State.....

Inclose stamps or coin (each pattern is 12 cents). Wrap coins carefully.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—EASY, QUICK SALES, $60 TO $100 weekly. Valuable free premium to every customer. You write orders. We deliver and collect. Commissions daily. No capital or experience. Wonderful new solid aluminum handle big cutlery set, sells itself. Best year round proposition. Sample outfit free. Also free Ford car offer. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 23, Chicago.

FREE TO PORTRAIT MEN—NEW LIVE monthly publications devoted to the interests of independent portrait men will be sent you absolutely free of charge. Only periodical of its kind published. Information of vital interest to you in every issue. Send your name today. The Magnet, Dept. C-12, Westerville, Ohio.

GENERAL AGENTS. SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind sellers. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 12 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED—TO SELL EX DONO hair pomade. Straightens kinky hair, promotes hair growth, removes dandruff, relieves itching. Quick sales, big profits, repeat orders. Write us at once and start the $$$$ coming your way. Mark Twain Laboratories, 101, Hannibal, Mo.

FASTEST SELLER ON MARKET. EVERY housewife a prospect for our clothes line fastener. Make $10.00 to $15.00 daily. 50c brings you one pair and demonstrator's sample. Write for particulars. Crimp Grip Co., Belvidere, Ill., Dept. L.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS TO EARN BIG PROFITS WITH our quick-selling non-alcoholic extracts, toilet articles and household necessities. Open territory. No money required. We trust you. Hurry! Write today. Dept. 134, The Linro Co., St. Louis, Mo.

MEN AND WOMEN MAKE $100 UPWARDS weekly selling greatest labor and money saving household necessity. Big repeater. Good crew managers proposition. Free sample and particulars. Rotty Co., C-1, Hastings, Nebraska.

AGENTS—WONDERFUL NEW ALUMINUM roaster and combination cooker. Remarkable fast sales. Big profits. New credit plan. Unlimited business with no capital required. Wilson Utensil Co., 501 East Third, Dayton, Ohio.

MONEY MADE QUICKLY TAKING ORDERS for portrait medallions. No investment required. No competition. Send for our 1922 illustrated catalogue and details. Pudlin & Goldstein, Dept. B 259 Bowery, New York.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

GUARANTEED HOSIERY, LOWEST PRICES, manufacturer's complete line direct to wearer. Samples without charge. We deliver. Part time acceptable. Joseph Bros., 335-P Broadway, New York.

AGENTS, WE HAVE THE FINEST NEEDLE case. You can clear $50.00 to $200 weekly. Send 10c for sample, sells 25c. Empire Specialties Co., 1549 N. Wells, Dept. 307, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS MAKE SIXTY DOLLARS PER week selling new Sallie May "Dressup" Aprons. Write and learn how to obtain samples without cost. Moss Apron Co., 79 Searle Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kan.

3 IN 1 BAGS, $5 PER DOZEN. SELLS FOR $1.25 each. Send 50c for sample. Write for catalog of 100 sure sellers. Economy Sales Co., Dept. W, Boston, Mass.

$50,000 "PROFITS IN PORTRAITS" explains in free circular, 24 hour service prints, portraits, frames. Samples free. Picture Man Friedman, Dept. 1, 127 N. Dearborn, Chicago.

AGENTS: MAKE BIG MONEY, SELLING dress shoes. 20 styles. Factory to wearer. No collections or delivery. Write for details. Marshall Shoe Co., Atlanta, Ga.

$210 MONTHLY, EXPENSES, FREE AUTO, to agents introducing our poultry and stock remedies. Sunflower Poultry Farm, A32, Parsons, Kansas.

AGENTS: YEASTO LINE, BIGGEST AND most rapid sellers in years. Double your money; sell houses and stores. Wonderful demand. Dept. A, Yeasto, Summit, N. J.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—NEW PATENTED CURTAIN ROD, necessity in every home; big profit; 4 to 10 sales at every house. Write for free sample. Home Curtain Rod Co., Providence, R. I.

EASY MONEY SELLING TO COLORED people. Write for our attractive proposition. Marcellene Chemical Company, 620 Main, Richmond, Va.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—MAKE sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book free. E. Palmer, 502, Wooster, O.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

$100 WEEKLY SALARY PAID MEN DIStributing free cash prize contest puzzle pictures. S. Laboratories, Parsons, Kansas.

WANTED—AGENTS TO SELL PHONOgraph records; big commissions. Write Gaukel Hiddessen, Prairie Du Sac, Wisconsin.

HELP WANTED

U. S. GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL clerks get $92-$192 month. Men—boys over 17. Steady work. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 26, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—MEN, WOMEN, AGE 17 TO 65, for United States Government positions. Experience unnecessary. Write today for free information. Chicago Civil Service College, Department B-51, Chicago.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating and refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, bedsteads. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 286 Fifth avenue, New York.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START SILVERING mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

MALE HELP WANTED

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS MEN—RAILway mail clerk "exam" soon. Let our expert (former Government Examiner) prepare you for this and also rural carrier postoffice, customs, internal revenue and other branches. Write today for free booklet. Dept. 643, Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, electric motormen, conductors, sleeping car and train porters (colored). Railroads everywhere, $140-$200. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

DETECTIVES MAKE BIG MONEY. BE one. Excellent opportunities. Fascinating work. Particulars free. American School of Criminology, Dept. L, Detroit, Mich.

BOYS-MEN. BECOME AUTOMBOBILE EXperts. $45 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. C 404, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED TO MAKE SECRET INVEStigations and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 100, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED FOR U. S. MAIL SERVICE. Permanent experience not required. Correspondence course unnecessary. Write E. S. Bishop, Box 391, Joplin, Mo.

MEN WANTED TO QUALIFY FOR FIREmen, brakemen, experience unnecessary. Transportation furnished. Write W. Boggess, 102 St. Louis.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. GREAT demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

BECOME DETECTIVE AND DO SECRET work in your town. National Detective Agency, Youngstown, Ohio.

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS, OVER 17, willing to accept Government positions, $135, write Mr. Ozment, 106, St. Louis.

$1600 YEAR. RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. Information free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. C 6, Rochester, N. Y.

GOV'T POSITIONS OPEN—MEN, WOMEN. Honesty required; good pay to start. Write T. McCaffrey, St. Louis.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

BECOME MILLINERY DESIGNERS, $125 month. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 804, Rochester, N. Y.

GIRLS-WOMEN. BECOME DRESS DEsigners. $35 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 505, Rochester, N. Y.

MEDICAL

SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY AND BLADder trouble, causing backache, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, frequent desire to urinate, smarting and burning. Do not suffer any longer but write us for free symptom blank and advice. Hinze Medical Institute, 23 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

FREE FOR STAMP. TREATISE ON CURE of indigestion, heart, appendicitis, gas. Get this. R. L. Rickman, Pharmacist, Paris, Tennessee.

FOR SALE

NAME LISTS FOR SALE 50c HUNDRED; $5.00 M. all live names. Jesse J. Nafziger, Washington, Ill.

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

INSTRUCTION

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL COURSES, one quarter original price. Bargain list 1000 courses free. Used courses bought. Students' Exchange, 47-K West 42nd St., New York.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

RISK A LITTLE MONEY TO MAKE MUCH? Will you risk $20 or more to back me in an intelligent effort to open up one, and possibly two, new oil pools? We have two big leases in two different counties, in the heart of the greatest oil area so far discovered in America. Best geological reports, good showings of oil and gas already found. Our first well is now drilling and the leases are large enough for 1,100 more wells. Humphreys, of Denver, made over $70,000,000 for his backers by opening up a new oil pool in Mexia. You and I can do what others have done, and I want to hear from men who are willing to make an intelligent effort to win fortune, and who will back me, if they find, after careful investigation, that I am honest, on the square, and my project just as I say it is. I will send you highest banking and other references. Tear out this advertisement and mail it with your name and address today for full, free information, including free map showing location of America's greatest oil fields. Do it now before you forget. Address Syndicate Office, 309 A. F. Denham Bldg., Denver, Colo.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE MAP, MEXIA FIELD, LIMESTONE County, Texas. Latest gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information on a Mexia syndicate paying large monthly dividends. Schimmel Co., Suite 1791, Neil P. Anderson Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

EVERY READER OF THE BLADE OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

DON'T BUY OIL STOCK; BUY OIL LAND. Only $5 monthly. Warranty deed given. May become worth $100,000. Get particulars. No obligation. Gulf Realty Company, 816 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

GO IN BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF, MAKE $5,000 or more yearly. No investment. Complete plan sent for 25c (coin) and stamped envelope. O. F. Turner, Powers, Mich.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS—TRADEMARKS. BEFORE DISclosing an invention, the inventor should write for my blank form "Evidence of Conception." This should be signed, witnessed and returned to me with sketch or model, upon receipt of which I will promptly render opinion as to patentable nature and send booklet on Patents. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Clarence T. O'Brien, Registered Patent Lawyer, Woodward Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATents should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion on its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONGS AND POEMS WANTED. WE COMpose music, publish, sell and pay you five cents royalty on every copy sold. Melody Publishing Corp., Dept. A, Root Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

WRITE A SONG POEM—LOVE, MOTHER, home. Comic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Edward Trent, 649 Reaper Block, Chicago.

SONG POEMS WANTED. SUBMIT MANUscript to New Era Music Co., 103 St. Louis, Mo.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. L. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE. $5 DOWN, $5 monthly. Buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $225. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

FARM LANDS

FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS—OUR OFFIcial 112-page book, "Vacant Government Lands," lists and describes every acre in every county in U. S.; tells location, place to apply, how secured free. 1922 diagrams and tables, new laws, lists, etc.; price 50 cents postpaid. Webb Publishing Co., Dept. 108, St. Paul, Minn.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

HEIRS WANTED

ESTATES SEEKING CLAIMANTS; YOU MAY be one of them; send 2-cent stamp for descriptive circulars. International Claim Agency, 62, Pittsburgh, Penna.

STORIES WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE wanted for publication. Submit MSS or write Literary Bureau, 500, Hannibal, Mo.

STAMP COLLECTING

STAMPS FREE—BEAUTIFUL SET FRENCH Colonies, wild native chiefs, animals, 2c postage. Empire Stamp Co., 345 Lippincott, Toronto, Canada.

TOBACCO

HOMESPUN SMOKING TOBACCO—5 LBS., $1.00; 10 lbs., $1.75; 20 lbs., $3.50. Farmers Union, Mayfield, Ky.

OLD COINS

WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS CASH FOR nickel of 1913 with Liberty head. Watch your change. We pay cash premiums for all rare coins. Send 4c for coin circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

PERSONAL

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; IF you get up in the morning with a dull brain, tired nerves, and ache in the back, a dread of the toil and hardships of every day life, these are signs that some of the organs or functions of your body are not in a healthy condition and should have attention at once. We cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Book, symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. Worth to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

GERMANS, FRIENDS, COUNTRYMEN, IF you desire a real little German wife, one who knows how to operate a frying pan, write me, English or German. (Stamp.) George Grigoleit, 20 East Jackson, Chicago, Ill.

SHIFTERS CLUB. HAVE THE TIME OF your life. Idea spreading like wildfire. Makes friends everywhere; promotes sociability. Send dime for official pin, by-laws, list. Upton Supply Co., Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY. MANY REFINED AND WEALTHY members seeking marriage; information free. Cosmopolitan B Club, Box 423, Venice, California.

MARRY, BEST, LARGEST, ESTABLISHED 16 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

DON'T DELAY. SEND 25 CENTS TODAY for the Invisible power if you want to make big money and make it quickly. G. Von Gunten, Blenheim, Ont.

MARRY—JOIN CORRESPONDENCE CLUB; receive big name list; photos; absolutely free this month only. Cupid's Club, Box 1007-F, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY IF LONELY; "HOME MAKER;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years' experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. WORTH $1,000 to $45,000. "Confidential." "Quick results." List free. Mrs. Martin, Box 1025, Wichita, Kans.

NEW CORRESPONDENCE CLUB, NEW plan; 6-t quick, sure answers; all new members. If sincere write Personal Service Club, 4627 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published mailed free. Address American Distributor, Suite 627, Blairsville, Pa.

MARRY—ADDRESSES, DESCRIPTIONS, ATtractive men and women, sealed, 25c. Central Bureau, 233, Champaign, Ill.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MANY WEALTHY MEMBERS. Send no money. New Plan Club, Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

GET ACQUAINTED AND MARRY WELL. Send stamped envelope, Chicago Friendship Club, 2926 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

WOULD YOU WRITE A WEALTHY, pretty girl? Stamped envelope, please. Lillian Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

RANCHER, WORTH $88,000, WANTS WIFE. Ladies, write. (J-B) Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

MAGIC WORDS! SECRET; SURE METHOD of obtaining your desires. Postpaid for dime. Smedley, 140 Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WOULD YOU MARRY PRETTY WIDOW worth hundred thousand dollars? Write Box 251, Lewisburg, Pa.

MARRY FOR LOVE, WEALTH & HAPPIness. Many pretty widows. Write, Keystone Club, Milton, Pa.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

CATHOLICS, WANTING TO MARRY, WANTing correspondence, write Catholic Social Club, Box 1056, Louisville, Ky.

PHYSICIAN, 45, WORTH $30,000, WANTS wife. O-Box 325, Club, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

LADIES, WOULD YOU WRITE A LONELY merchant? Do not hesitate. Box 787 Denison, Ohio.

NAMES, ADDRESSES, DESCRIPTIONS OF ladies desiring marriage, 20c. Select Club, B., Box 166, Topeka, Kas.

MARRY RICH—PAPER WITH HUNDREDS names, addresses, descriptions, also pictures, 25c. Box 3317B, Boston, Massachusetts.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, BOOKlet free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

REFINED LADY WORTH $25,000 WILL marry. Box 691, Burlington, N. C.

WIDOW, 45, WORTH $100,000, WANTS HUSband. L-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

PRETTY GIRLIE, 16, WORTH $60,000, WILL marry. Club, Box 55, Oxford, Florida.

WEALTHY LADY, 25, ANXIOUS TO MARRY soon. H-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

Announcing the Gift.

THE congregation of a certain church having decided to give a token of esteem to the sexton, who was about to marry a nurse from a nearby hospital, appointed a committee which, after some deliberation, decided that the gift should take the form of a sum of money in a net purse worked by the minister's daughter.

"My friends," said the chairman of this committee when the congregation had assembled for the report, "it has—er, been decided—er—to present our esteemed sexton, on the er—occasion of his wedding, with $100 and a pet nurse."

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Bathtub Once a Luxury.

THE bathtub was compelled to put up a hard struggle for a permanent place in the home. The history of its development is almost as interesting as the story of other luxuries of yesterday which have become the necessities of today, such as electricity, gas, the telephone and the street car.

The first bathtub in the United States was built in Cincinnati and installed in a home there in 1842. It was made of mahogany, lined with sheet lead, and was proudly exhibited by its owner at a Christmas party. The next day it was denounced in the newspapers as a luxurious, undemocratic vanity.

Then came the medical men and declared it a menace to health. In 1843 Philadelphia tried to prohibit bathing between Nov. 1 and March 15, by ordinance. In 1845, Boston made bathing unlawful except when prescribed by a physician. Virginia taxed bathtubs $30 a year.

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Perhaps.

THE genius who invented motion pictures evidently got the idea from watching the roller towel in a country hotel.

No Money Down

Guaranteed for Life
Pudding Pan. Used like this for puddings, cakes, bread. Also milk dish, 2½ quarts.
Used as Colander. Handy to rinse berries. Also used as Strainer.
When used as Casserole ideal for baking apples, beans, escalloped potatoes, macaroni, etc.
Convex Kettle. This combination used for cooking and stewing vegetables. Bulged sides, easy to pour liquids off. Used as Windsor kettle.
Used as a Double Boiler cooks cereals, no scorching. Steams vegetables in top. Kettle Cover made of thick aluminum.
When used as Preserving Kettle distributes heat evenly. Not necessary to stir the contents.
Corn Popper. This combination is what you want for special things — corn popping, crisping corn flakes, roasting coffee, etc.
Combination Cooker. Used this way for general purposes not so well filled by any other utensil. Ears of kettle hold bail upright or lowered position.
Used this way as Steamer Set. For steaming potatoes or corn on cob. Perforated bottom makes uniform cooking.
Used this way for Tubed Cake Pan. Removable tube. Cakes taken out easily without breaking.
Self-Basting Roaster. When used this way makes juicy, well browned roasts. A perfect self-baster. Steam condenses on cover and drips back.

The Hartman Co., Chicago, Ill.

3911-3925 Wentworth Avenue Dept. 4609

Copyright, 1922, by Hartman's, Chicago

A complete cooking set in this wonderful combination—practically every utensil combination you need for boiling, steaming, baking, roasting, preserving—for preparing the most delicious dishes. And we send it just on your request. No money—send only the coupon and we ship the set **all charges prepaid.** Try it **30 days** on **free trial,** and then if you don't say that it is the most useful, most satisfactory set you have ever used or seen at near the price, pay nothing and send it back and we'll pay the return postage charges. If you keep it, pay our bargain price at the end of 30 days' free trial and it is yours. Very special introductory offer—don't miss it. Hurry your order while the opportunity is yours. Mail the coupon today.

Wonderful Combination Aluminum COOKER SET

5 Pieces, Make 11 Utensil Combinations

Pudding Pan	Self-Basting Roaster	Strainer or	Convex Kettle
Preserving Kettle	Tubed Cake Pan	Colander	Steamer Set
Combination Cooker	Double Boiler	Casserole	Corn Popper

No other cooking set like this—none which gives you so many useful utensils—all made of best heavy-gauge aluminum—bright, silvery, beautiful, easy to keep clean, light to handle and durable for years. No chipping, cracking, peeling or "crazing;" no rusting or corroding. Guaranteed for life by Hartman.

This complete set has 5 pieces from which you get eleven utensil combinations. Think how many ways you can cook with such a combination as this. Outside kettle holds 6 quarts, inside pans 2½ quarts, other utensils in proportion. All highly polished on outside. Sun-ray finish inside. When not in use all pieces nest together. Takes up little space. Sets on shelf. Bails (or handles) detachable. Note the pictures—see what an amazing help this set is to the housewife. And Hartman sends it before you pay a penny. We even pay all transportation charges. Nothing at all to pay unless you keep it and then only about half what you would expect to pay for such a splendid set. You must see it and use it to realize what it really is. So send at once.

Order by No. 417DMA6. At end of 30 days' free trial, pay only $2.75 if you keep it. Shipped from Chicago prepaid.

Total Price Only $2.75 Delivered FREE

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